

LET US GO AGAIN

... and visit our brethren in
every city where we have preached
the Word of the Lord,
and see how they do ...
Acts 15:36

By

J. C. and Betty Choate

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INTRODUCTION

Betty and I have enjoyed working together on this book. It is based on a story that we know well. It is one that we will never forget.

We have written the account of this part of our lives so that we may share it with those of you who help us with this work, and for brethren and friends in general. Our thinking is that if you know more of what actually goes on, you will want to have a greater part in it.

I am so happy that Betty got to go with me on the trip that this story tells about. It is not easy to go again and again by myself or for her to have to stay behind most of the time. Both of us do what we must do for the sake of the work, but still, it is difficult.

Actually, we are not just going on a trip but we are deeply involved in a major work. There are carefully planned programs that are designed to reach the masses of India and other countries across Asia with the gospel of Christ. These are continuing efforts with goals to produce desired results.

Both Betty and I benefited from going together on this missionary journey. After almost three years, we are now planning to go again this fall. This time we will take our boys along and stay longer.

May this book be a means of informing, encouraging, and inspiring our brethren everywhere to do more to spread the cause of Christ throughout the world. It is with deep gratitude that we send it forth to our sponsor, the Liberty Church of Christ of Dennis, Mississippi, and to all of our supporters and helpers who have made all of this possible.

J. C. Choate
Winona, Miss.
May 19, 1980

FOREWORD

Often people ask J. C., “What do you do when you go over there for three months?” It is never possible to give a worthy answer to such a question. “Work”, would be sufficient, but though that is truth, still it tells so little.

It had been three years since the children and I settled down in Winona because of their schooling and our continuing visa problems; three years since I had shared personally in that work with J. C. During these years he spent each three months alternately in India and in the States, working in behalf of India wherever he was. When he asked me to accompany him in August of 1977, I felt that one part of my work on the trip should be the writing of an account of just what those months are like. I realize that the resulting book is rather detailed and may be lacking in fun and glamour while seeming heavy with a description of the work — but that is what those months consist of, and I have tried to share them as we lived them, without embellishment.

Since J. C. shortened his stay that time to two months in order that both of us would not be away from the children so long, and he was therefore more limited in the range of work he could become involved in, I have written excerpts from his letters covering January-March of 1978. These give a picture of a typical three months' working trip. Even if you are not swept away with descriptions of exotic places and events as you read, I hope you will read closely enough to develop a mental image of the tremendous and wonderful work God has blessed us to have a part in.

Betty Choate

DEDICATION

**To Daddy and Mother, Clyde and Theola Burton,
who have worked and given unselfishly for India.**

**Without their willingness to be stand-in parents,
this story could not have been lived.**

**To Nina Stewart, our sister, who has given invaluable
help on readying the manuscript of LET US GO AGAIN.**

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A Decision to Make—Winona....July 1

An apparently small decision sometimes becomes the most important one of a lifetime. I was more than twenty years old in the faith before I learned that *no* decision — not even a routine request from the children or a trip to the grocery store for a box of milk — should be made without asking God's guidance in the shaping of it. So when J. C. first asked me, last April, to consider the possibility of returning to India with him in August for a session of recording tapes for the radio programs, our first constructive move was to pray together that God would overrule in our thinking and that we would do what was best for the work as well as for our children.

Darla (18), Sheila (16), and Steve (14) agreed that it would be all right for me to be gone the expected two months. My parents, Clyde and Theola Burton, live just across the road from us and they said they would keep the children if I decided to go; they even insisted that we should leave Shannon, our five-year-old son. I had not considered leaving him at home because I felt it would be too much to ask Mother to keep a busy, energetic boy of his age, and I thought he would be too unhappy if he were separated from me for what would seem like such a long time. But as we have thought on their suggestion, picturing him in his familiar surroundings, with his swing and bicycle and endless outside interests, with his books and toys and Sesame Street, with his friends and grandparents and sisters and brother, and as we contrasted that with the knowledge of the long confining trip (which he does not like) and the heat in India, with no place to play outside, few toys and books, no television, no close friends to come over and play, and only us to keep him happy and entertained, the realization that he did not need to go became clear in our minds.

After deciding that Shannon should stay at home, our major concern has been whether or not I should go. I know how long those

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months seem to me when J. C. is away, and it will not be easy for the children. I dread to put them through the loneliness. But, on the other hand, since the girls will be going to college next year, this separation might be good training for them, both from the standpoint of learning how to endure being away from us, and from the experience they would gain in taking my place in the work and operation of the house. And, just as the five of us pull the strings a little tighter and are closer to each other whenever J. C. is away, I am sure that the four of them would learn a new closeness if both of us were gone. As Shannon said, "Mama and Sheila and Darla would be the Mommies, and Steve and Papa would be the Daddies," so he would learn to depend on others instead of clinging too closely to me.

Turning to the other side of the question, it has been three years since I was in India. I have lived all of J. C.'s experiences there through him, but I long to go back. I miss the work so much; I want to be a part of all of it again and to be able to help in the teaching; I want to see the Christians again and to meet the new ones that have been born into the Family in my absence. The physical maternal strings that bind me to my children pull against the spiritual maternal strings that bind me to our spiritual children on that other side of the world, and I am torn between the two longings. But the pain of separation is not new. It is the one ever-present enduring hurt that is an integral part of mission work: one's heart becomes so scattered over the world that never again is there the contentment of being surrounded by the souls one most deeply loves; always our Family is divided by thousands of insurmountable miles and it will only be in the new world that we can look forward to the bliss of finally being together with all of them.

For the present time I am very sincerely asking God to ignore my conflicting desires in settling the question and to look to the end of both roads, weighing the hurts and accomplishments that would come with either choice, and to shape our decision for us with His ability to foresee the outcome. I know the answer will not be audibly spoken, but if we are willing to be guided by Him, He will give



FROM THE BACK: STEVE, DARLA, J. C., BETTY, SHANNON, SHEILA

A DECISION TO MAKE

us the wisdom to make the decision He desires (James 1:5). This much I know from many past experiences. So, if I stay at home I will leave my Family there in His care, knowing that His presence unites us spiritually over the miles and that they do not need me so much just now or He would have me to go. But if I do go, I will leave my family here in His hands, confident that He will care for them as He knows is best. And I will be thankful for His protective guidance in either case.

Attitudes Among Brethren....July 20

J. C. is working toward an August 15 departure date, so time is running out. Our minds, concerning my going with him, could still be changed right on up to the last minute, but we are going ahead with the necessary preparations. New passports are in hand and we are taking our shots; I lack only one more cholera injection. Last week I began the minor purchases that will be necessary and I am in the middle of the sewing for myself and for the girls the things they will need before our return. I am making a list, too, of things that must be done before our departure (letters to be written, the ladies' book fund report to be gotten out, dental appointments for the children, teaching materials to prepare for ladies classes at our various stops) and of things we must remember to pack. There are suit lengths for Reggie Gnanasundaram (the preacher in Sri Lanka) and his son Chandiran who is going to Four Seas College in Singapore, and one also for Sunny David who preaches in New Delhi. There will be other gifts to buy and to pack, in addition to the tapes and manuscripts J. C. will be taking for the work. Already I can see that weight will be a problem and that we will be worn out with managing heavy hand luggage by the time we get to Delhi.

Besides these preparations, there are several appointments yet for reporting to churches about the work. For various reasons I have not been able to make very many of these visits with J. C. while he has been home this time, and I feel the personal loss of having missed something important. This past weekend he was to speak to the church in Brilliant, Alabama. Because the adult class there has been very regularly sending contributions for the World Literature Fund, for which I feel a great responsibility, I especially wanted to go with him to meet the people I have been corresponding with. We got there about six o'clock Saturday evening and were welcomed by the preacher and his wife, Jerry and Connie Self. In a few minutes Brother

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C. R. Martin, one of the elders, and his wife, Wynnell, came over. Their's was the name to which I had addressed all of my correspondence to the congregation, and I had enjoyed Wynnell's friendly letters that had been wrapped around each check. All of us met with the other elders and their wives for dinner. Afterwards we visited for awhile in Brother Addison's home, talking about the thunderstorm that was brewing outside and about the extreme weather the whole nation has had this year. We talked, too, about the increase in the radio and literature work in India and of our excitement about the good that is being done. It was a wonderful evening of fellowship with interested Christians, and we were much encouraged.

Sunday morning the elders divided the adult class and asked me to speak to the ladies while J. C. taught the men. I wore a sari, the national dress of Indian women, and explained all of its practical points to the ladies. But the real thought that I wanted to leave with them was the question of "WHY? WHY were you born in the comfort and luxury of the American society, in a setting in which you could learn of God's truths and be a part of His Family? Why were you not born as one of the 600 million-plus Indians, where your home would likely have been a mud hut devoid of any of the comforts we take for granted: no car, no electricity, no running water, no stove (except a clay pot filled with manure patties for fuel), no refrigerator, no television, no heat in the winter or enough clothes to keep you warm during that season, no cooling system for the 110-120 degree summers, little medical care (half of your children would just 'get sick' and die before their sixth birthday); you would probably walk a mile or more for every pot of water you used, and even then the water would likely be unfit to drink; your diet would consist largely of unleavened bread called chapati and lentils called dal — none of the endless variety that we get so bored with here, trying to decide 'Oh, what can I cook?' — You would not have all of the richness that is yours through the things you have read because you would probably not have been taught to read and write. Your god would be Shiva or Vishnu or one of the others, and you

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would pray for your needs to these idols and offer your sacrifices to them and perform all of the superstitious rituals because no one would have come to teach you anything else. Most of you in this group would already be dead, because the life expectancy is short, and you would have gone into the horrible awakening of eternity, hearing perhaps for the very first time in your existence the name of Almighty God and of His Son who died to be your saviour but who must now be your judge instead How horrible it is to think of the hundreds of millions of people for which this description is heart-breakingly true.

“But which picture hurts most: the one of the Indian woman blindly going toward inevitable death and judgment, all unaware of what is before her, or the picture of many women in the church who live with the truth in their hands and never wake up to an awareness of what is theirs? A look at the typical attendance board, showing half as many attending Wednesday evening Bible study as were present for Sunday morning worship, is an accurate measuring stick for the depth of conviction of many who wear the name of Christ in mockery. If a Christian does not love God enough that he *wants* to worship Him every time the privilege is extended — if he comes only half-heartedly, half-begrudgingly into God’s presence when he feels he must — what does his salvation really mean to him? or is he even aware that the eternal destiny of his soul is dependent on his attitude now about Christianity? And of the half of the church that has enough conviction that it is present for all of the assemblies, what percentage meet a non-Christian with the thought foremost in their minds that they must look for an opportunity to share the truths in their possession? If our salvation does not mean enough to us that we sincerely long to offer the same hope to others, can it really be a saving power in our own lives?

“How sad it is that most of the people of the world have never had the privilege of hearing the truth even once. They have not grown bored with the same old sermons; they don’t watch the clock in dread of the preacher going a few minutes over the allotted hour; they have

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never felt the twinge of frustration when a person is more than ready to be on his way to the restaurant for lunch after the Sunday morning service and some inconsiderate soul responds to the invitation with the desire to be baptized; they have never sat in impatience and watched the awe-inspiring birth of a new soul into the Family of God; they have never resented being put on the spot, being asked to do some work as a part of that Family — no, they have never had the opportunity to choose; the gospel has not been set before them as “a blessing and a curse; a blessing if ye obey the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day: and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments . . .” (Deuteronomy 11:26).

“I wonder how often individual Christians stop to realize that everything God has done since before the foundation of the world, every work in which He has engaged has been directed toward the *one* purpose of saving the souls of men; and when that work was culminated in His Son’s death and triumph over death, *the fruit of that work was placed solely in the hands of men . . .* calloused, forgetful men, who seem to be more prone to disregard the gift than to treasure it. Do we ever stop to realize that *it lies within the power of mortals to effectively complete God’s work of salvation or to nullify and kill all that He has done* by simply ignoring His instructions for believers to share their faith with the world? How guilty many Christians are! How can they bow to God and ask forgiveness for themselves when by their indifference they have denied the right of forgiveness to others?”

It was encouraging to see the concern expressed by the Brilliant congregation, and we shared a wonderful afternoon with the Martins, showing pictures of our Indian and Ceylonese brethren and listening to a taped interview J. C. had made with Sunny and Jasmine and with Reggie. Hearing their voices, picturing in my mind their expressions as they laughed and talked, I grew such a case of homesickness and loneliness for them that I ached all over! How thankful I am that God has entrusted with us the joy and the responsibility of working with them to teach their people!

After a last piece of apple pie and glass of tea, we had to leave

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for the evening appointment with the Blackwater Macedonia church. We were early so we sat in the car and talked about new possibilities in the work, about the need to increase what is presently being done. And every once in awhile I had to smother a little burst of excitement over the thought that maybe soon I will be there again, where the vibrant force of a working gospel is so strong it is almost tangible!

A thunderstorm had knocked out the current so the congregation visited in the vestibule until the lights were on again. Many who introduced themselves to me remembered J. C.'s previous visit and they seemed happy to have him back. J. C. had first met one of the elders, Brother S. B. Barker, in his strawberry patch when he had been in the area and had gone by to see if the congregation could help supply part of our work fund. Brother Barker had responded with interest and from that time they began helping on a monthly basis. We were happy to see the interest, and after the lesson Brother Barker and his son, Max Barker, who is also an elder, encouraged the church to give generously for the work in India.

It does so much for our morale to feel that brethren are genuinely concerned about the work to which we are giving our lives. In the car on the way home that night, J. C. and I talked about the attitudes that had been shown in the two congregations that day. We were thrilled to think that maybe the financial responsibility for the Malaysian printing might be taken from our shoulders and carried by a whole group of brethren who shared our concern. Since that phase of the work had begun about a year ago, the money had been raised through ladies classes donating their monthly contributions of \$10 - \$25. This had been one way of meeting the need and we were grateful that through their combined efforts the money was provided as the bills came due, but we knew also that the scheduled increase in the printing would increase the pressure on us to raise more money. The thought came to us that possibly the solution to the problem had at last been given to us: we had realized for a long time that the World Literature Program needed to be under the oversight of a very large, wide-awake, mission-minded church that would be able to spearhead

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it. But such churches are not easy to find, and we were left with the choice of closing our eyes to the ever-increasing requests to print literature for use in the mission areas of the world, or to find other means of raising more money, faster, for the printing. Now we could see that instead of *one* large congregation sponsoring *all* of the printing, a better solution would be to find congregations who would sponsor the printing to be done in *one language* in *one nation*. The quantity of materials to be made available would then be determined by the amount of money the congregation could invest: \$300-\$500 monthly would be a good average for the initial work in most areas, and this would not be beyond the range of most churches, if they were interested. We were thrilled with this new insight and wisdom in solving the problem that we had to bow there on the road and thank God for having provided the answer.

The drive home was long, and it was only natural that our thoughts drifted to a comparison between the congregations we had visited that day and the attitudes we have sometimes seen in brethren. We do not claim any special merits or privileges for ourselves because we know that we are very unimportant people in the tremendous expanse of God's universe. But the work we are doing — the preaching of the gospel — is of greater importance than anything else in the whole of creation; it is *God's* work, delegated to *all* of His people, and those who would minimize its importance are audaciously slapping the very God of heaven in the face, or cutting Him to the heart. When a congregation, claiming to be a part of the body of Christ, does not have a strong concern for the spreading of the truth everywhere in the world, it has ceased to be Christ-like and no longer has the right to wear that name, maligning it by misrepresentation.

But we have seen "brethren" who refuse to allow any "missionary" to speak or to ask for support for foreign work; we have seen them close a service in cold withdrawal, silently refusing to lend their support to the plea by publicly sanctioning it; we have heard brethren actually say that their budget was completely filled and that they did not have any money to spare for the work when we *knew* that they

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had savings accounts of \$15,000 - \$20,000; in other cases we have learned that a few weeks after our visit, the "full-budget" had suddenly allowed for the hiring of another man on the local staff, though there had not been a penny for the work overseas. And listening to those lies — for they cannot really be called anything else — we have wondered how those men could live with their consciences, knowing that they have assumed responsibility for the spending of *God's* money and are spending it primarily on their own selfish whims and desires while refusing even the crumbs for the work God actually intended that it be used for.

During the months J. C. is home and is visiting among the churches, we see many heart-breaking things and can foresee many others. The church is the deep love of our lives; we are using all of our time and energy to build it up, both spiritually and numerically. To see it prospering and developing thrills us with real joy, and we never tire of discussing the work that is being done anywhere, everywhere. How many times, not with other brethren where it could be observed and a good impression might be made, but just between the two of us, have we talked and dreamed and exulted and cried over the church. Some of the greatest happinesses we have known have been because the church was doing well; but some of our greatest heartaches are caused by her, too. It seems to us that while some brethren are alive and growing in Christ as possibly never before, a great part of the church is becoming like dead and drying cell tissue that will have to be sluffed off if the body is to be saved from death. During these years when the moral fiber of the nation is being destroyed, the church obviously has failed to be the leaven it was designed to be. Not only is the world progressing toward total ungodliness (Genesis 6:5, 6), but the church is being swept along with it. When "style" clothes women in shockingly short skirts or embarrassingly low-cut dresses or other immodest apparel, the women of the church do not stand out as the examples the world needs; instead, they follow the world, and it would be hard to tell that many "Christian" women are Christian by the way they dress. The homes of the

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world are being destroyed by divorce and the children are being warped and scarred — but is the story vastly different these days in the church? Babies are born outside of marriage, or the godless killing of unborn babies under the prettified word “abortion”, happens to millions in the world each year, and these statistics would include an increasing number of “Christians” who have been swept away with the world’s low standards. The family unit of the whole nation has been disintegrating ever since women left the home en masse to work at public jobs, and the story is no different in the church; half or more of the young people who grow up in “Christian” homes leave the truth when they become independent. I know that countless defenses are made for working women (and I know that on rare occasions there really is no choice about working away from home), but when every argument has been stated and every rise in temper has been satisfied with the proper indignation, the picture remains the same: the home is falling apart and the children are being lost because there has not been the time and/or the interest to train them up in the faith. And when the same women stand in the judgment trying to explain to God why they had to work, they will have a hard time looking into the condemned eyes of their children who were dependent on them for their eternal molding.

It is so sad that we have, in large part, ceased to be the light on the hill, or the preserving salt. We have blended with the world and have been swept away from any distinctiveness. Even in the teaching, so little gospel is preached from many pulpits, so little real conviction is bred into Christians; very often the younger members have not been taught the uniqueness of the church and they are not convinced that a person must be a part of the body of Christ to be saved; too many “conversions” are made without dealing with this vital subject, and those people see the church as one among many with all of the denominations. As a body we are failing to retain our moral standard in the face of the eroding conditions in the world. Doctrinally, we are becoming weak-hearted, afraid to take a stand on the one truth revealed by God, and people are increasingly unaware that there is only

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one truth. Evangelistically, we are utter failures: many denominational groups have more missionaries in *one* country than we have in the *whole world*! Our evangelistic vision and outreach are a big joke — no, it is so small it would have to be a *little* joke — and I wonder how much longer we will even bother to fool ourselves by saying we want to obey Mark 16:15?

If God's concern had been just to save a soul, then the solution to the problem would be to take every new convert on to his eternal reward as soon as he comes out of the water of baptism, and there would be no problem with perseverance and growth and dedication. Since God did not see fit to do this, there must be a reason. Could it be that He really does leave Christians in this hostile world for the sole purpose of living His truths in front of others and teaching others, in order that salvation may be shared? Could it be that the church — left here for this *one* reason — is so blind to its purpose that most of its members will come under God's wrath because they have failed Him? Will it be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah than for us? Do we face a tortuous purging in this world because of the great harm our lack of conversion has done to His body and to the world? I admit that seeing even the limited view that we see, we are frightened over what we are bringing on ourselves and our nation. And with God's ability to see the whole picture, I am amazed at His long-suffering, that He has been able to tolerate such violations for so long. Maybe the harshness of the corrective measures that will have to be used stays His hand, as He longingly awaits for us to find the strength to correct ourselves before He *has* to intervene.

It was two o'clock when we reached home. We were tired physically because it had been a long day, but the spiritual drain had been even greater than the physical one. How strongly we desire to implant in others the love we feel for the people of the world; and how deeply we feel both the joy and the sorrow caused by the response of brethren to that exposing of our love.

How It Began....July 28

Yesterday a young man died. He was not a Christian but his mother is a very dear part of the church, so we all share in her grief. Last night, instead of our regular Bible classes, we felt the need to draw close to Him in prayer and song and the reading of His word, being sobered by the uncertainty of life and the shock of death. What a deep heartache it is to know that a soul has been so suddenly thrown into the awesome eternity that awaits each one of us — and how much more heartbreaking it is when he has known God's truth and has cared too little to make it his own.

When some person we know dies suddenly, tragically, we feel the sorrow, the numbness, the grief of death. But, sadly, we hear of death so often, we read of daily accounts in our papers, we hear statistics — and that is all that these distant deaths mean to us: just statistics; another murder or another accident or another terminal illness. The reality of the fact that another living soul has come face to face with his eternal destiny often fails to register in our minds, so our hearts feel no pain at the realization that in most cases those souls met with eternal condemnation when they opened their eyes in death. I know we do not live with this awareness as we should because even we who are Christians are not as concerned as we must be about the words of salvation that we often leave unsaid. The very fact that our own country is as yet unevangelized is proof of our attitude; and the little that is being done in the rest of the world cries aloud to our shame.

It disturbs very few American Christians that in the country of India alone thousands of people died today. Of that number, except for those who were not accountable, probably not more than one, or maybe not even one, was prepared to meet God. Have you ever tried to look at the world through God's eyes and to feel with His heart as day after day, during every minute of every day, some soul is

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severed from some body and He sees that one as — almost invariably — he lifts up his eyes, being in torment, and He hears the endless wails of pain and agony? If only once we could hear those cries, no future account of death would be just a statistic to us. We would bear burned in our minds the image of a lost soul in torment, and surely that knowledge would move us to work with the urgency we need to feel for the living.

When we first went to India in the winter of 1968, we began to feel the pressure of a load that we have carried ever since. I remember standing on the balcony of our hotel room and looking down on the endless throng of people passing back and forth on the crowded street below. I couldn't help but visualize the soul that lived in each of those bodies — souls beautifully made in God's image and gifted with an eternal endurance, but now so stained and blackened by sin; and I saw the bodies housing those souls: the minds closed with the darkness of illiteracy, the attitudes molded by doctrines of Hinduism and other pagan religions, the blight of superstition, the ravages of disease and early death — all of these, terrible, limiting factors, dooming the soul to an existence stained and twisted by sin. I thought of those souls as they blindly walked toward the precipice of death, knowing that of a certainty one day each one of them would step off into the emptiness of an unprepared eternity. I knew that almost without exception that future awaited them because I knew that those who had been told to guard the precipice and to warn the blind were not there. Throughout all of India, only a handful were teaching, and in Northwest India there was no one but us. I looked at our working force: one man and one woman, with a total of three hundred and thirty-six hours each week to live in behalf of those souls. Too little! Too little for millions!

I think I have never felt a greater degree of frustration than I felt that day. But, even though the frustration has been minimized as we have buried it in work, the burden of the responsibility remains the same today. We know that it is something we will carry for the rest of our lives, and we are thankful to have the responsibility. How

HOW IT BEGAN

much better to be the ones struggling to teach the gospel than to be among the millions of souls to whom the message may never come.

In order to increase our teaching range we began printing literature: Bible correspondence courses, tracts, and a monthly magazine. We felt, particularly with the magazine, that if it could go into the homes regularly, month after month, that solid teaching would be the eventual result in the cases of many who would be receiving it. As the contacts grew, we found much of our time consumed in writing detailed answers to questions sent in by them, so in 1973 we began the printing of booklets and books on varied basic subjects in order to provide thorough answers to the inquirers. We had hardly begun this ambitious printing program of the books when our family had to return to the States because we could not get a long-term visa for India. But what might have seemed a hindrance was certainly God's overruling according to His full knowledge of the situation.

J. C. was home for three months, reporting to churches who support us and raising funds for increasing the work. We had become more and more convinced that we had to multiply our printing efforts and in order to do that we had to find much more support. We had talked of various solutions to the need and had prayed many times about it. Finally it seemed wise to us for me to use my time (while J. C. returned to India alone for the taping of the first radio programs) to write a letter to ladies classes asking that each lady give the cost of one coke (25 cents) per week for the printing of the books. Through these small sacrifices, it would be altogether possible for us to do the much needed printing in India and to make the books available free of charge to interested people.

The letter was written and a list of prospective congregations was prayerfully made. It was an exciting thing to go through the mail as the weeks passed and to see the interest and response of a great percentage of the classes I had written. In order to keep them informed about what their money and prayers were accomplishing, I

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prepared a report about every six weeks. Keeping up with the funds as they came in, corresponding with the various ladies who served as the contact in each class, and writing and mailing the reports kept me in the office a great part of the time. Naturally, with J. C. gone, my work load as a homemaker and Mother was heavier, too, so Mother and Daddy helped in countless ways by doing the things I seemingly didn't have time to do. And J. C.'s Mother helped whenever she came to visit us. There would have been no way that I could have managed if Daddy had not often cut our lawn along with his and kept us with wood to burn in the winter and taken care of the repairs around the house, and if Mother had not many, many times offered, "I'll do that addressing for you," or, "I'll pick up the kids from school," or, "I went down to the garden early and picked the peas . . ."

So the time passed with an effective team being developed, including the folks at home, the supporting churches, the ladies classes, the church in India, the printers, J. C., and me — and God. As the money came in and the literature came from the press, we were excited about the possibilities that were opening up to us for evangelizing India. Often we had met Indians who were firm followers of Oral Roberts or Herbert Armstrong simply because they had long been fed a steady diet of their doctrines through literature. We knew that strong Christians could be developed in the same way.

But another arm of the work was being developed at the same time. Back in 1970 we had been deeply disappointed when Mrs. Bandaranike was re-elected as Prime Minister of Ceylon. During an earlier term she had almost ruined the economy of the country, so we were afraid that the fate of one of our favorite little nations was again in very unskillful hands. True to our expectations, Mrs. Bandaranike pushed her communistic policies and got the country in such bad shape that it tottered on the edge of bankruptcy. But one of the corrective measures chosen for the ailing economy was completely unanticipated by us and came as a shock. The government-controlled radio stations that had not formerly sold any air time

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were opened for religious broadcasts in exchange for the badly needed dollars! Here was the undreamed-of opportunity, one of those blessings that the Lord gave as an exceeding abundance (Ephesians 3:20) above all that we had ever asked or thought! Here was the quick, inexpensive way that the truth could go regularly into homes of India that we could never have hoped to reach any other way! Ceylon's "Asian Commercial Service" was beamed over the entire sub-continent and also covered neighboring countries, including the oil-rich Arab Emirate States to the West, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Sikkim, Bhutan, Nepal, Burma, and Bangla Desh. All of the states of India could hear the broadcasts, from the Himalayas in the north to the crowded tropical areas of the south, from the movie capital of Bombay on the western coast to the 'Black Hole' of India — Calcutta — on the east. Time was available for daily transmissions in seven of the major languages of India, covering her total population of 625,000,000 people, as well as those people of surrounding countries whose languages would be such close kin that they could also understand, or who could speak English. We could not marvel enough over the greatness of the opportunity God had seemingly so effortlessly placed in our hands. If we had begun on our own to attempt to make such programs possible, the miles of red tape would probably never have been cleared away! But, here it was, without a single struggle — an open invitation by Ceylon to use their stations even for preaching the beauty of God's gospel! And, wonder of wonders! the price had been set so low that it provided no obstacle at all! Only \$62.50 for one thirty-minute program, or \$35.00 for fifteen minutes!

At that time we were still in India, before the previously mentioned return home in June of 1974. The church in Orange, Texas responded to the appeal for help to begin the first program, a thirty minute broadcast on Tuesday evenings in Hindi, the language of 350,000,000 Indians. Brother Sunny David of New Delhi would prepare the sermons and do the speaking. J. C. began the search for a studio for recording the tapes and found that there were only two possibilities in Delhi. One was the Far East Broadcasting Company

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and the other was the Back to the Bible organization. Both were denominational, had tremendous facilities, and were already broadcasting many weekly programs in the various languages from the Philippines, Ceylon, and the Seychelle Islands. They had developed large literature programs in conjunction with the radio work and had already been teaching in India through these tools for thirty-five years. (Although the Ceylon station had only recently opened for religious broadcasting, much work had been done by denominational groups from the Philippines and the Seychelles). J. C. was embarrassed, for the church, to have to admit to those managers that we were only in the early stages of attempting to set up our *first* broadcast. It was such an obvious admission that we who have the truth had once again come far too late with far too little.

We had felt very reluctant to ask those denominational groups for the favor of using their studios for recording the tapes, and they were equally unwilling to aid their "competition", so both claimed that their studios were in full use and that there would be no time available for us to rent their facilities. We did not regret their decision, but it did leave us without the equipment for beginning the first program.

About that time we received word from the Indian government concerning our requests for visas, and we knew we would have to be going home. From a number of standpoints this move seemed wise; the kids had again been on correspondence courses for two years and they needed their high school training under regular teachers; they were old enough to be dating, too, and we knew they needed friendships with American Christian young people. So we didn't argue with the decision that we should return to the States. But at the same time, we found ourselves facing a new area of commitment concerning the work. On the one hand we desperately wanted to see the proposed radio program begun; on the other hand, beginning it in the face of our return to the States would mean a life involving long separations in our family. Once such a program was begun we knew we would not want to see it dropped, and its continuation would

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mean that J. C. would have to make trips alone to India often enough to keep sufficient tapes recorded and on deposit with the manager of the station. One or two or three periods of time like that would not be too great a price to pay for so much good being done, but would we have the necessary endurance to commit ourselves to that kind of life for an indefinite period of time? Were the programs worth such a price? We looked at both possible solutions: we could decide that we would begin by faith and would depend on God supplying the strength of endurance as we subjected our human desire to His will; or we could decide that the program probably wouldn't do much good anyway and that we should not make such a long-range commitment. But our consciences stubbornly argued with that thought, insisting that God had given us this wonderful opportunity and that if we weren't converted enough to take it up and follow through with it, we would be deciding our own unworthiness of having any future opportunities given to us. If we turned our backs on this, we knew that it would prove that our love for India had been hypocritical and that we did not have the right to again ask God's help in doing any of His work. So the decision was not really a very hard one to make.

We came home and, as mentioned earlier, J. C. spent three months reporting and raising funds for the work. His return travel expenses had to be met and money for equipment for recording the programs had to be raised. In addition, the literature program that we had gotten deeply into during our last months in India had already put us in debt with the printer so money was needed for those bills.

Time came for his return and it was a wrenching experience to say the least. But the kids were busy with school and God had provided me with the responsibility of writing to the ladies' classes in order to help underwrite the cost of the printing, so my loneliness was eased in the realization that even though I could not personally be in India with J. C., we were still co-workers together with God. During the following weeks of writing to each other and working together over the distance of half the world, we began to realize a deeper spiritual oneness than we had ever known before. The mental

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knowledge that distances do not constitute spiritual separation became a part of our makeup instead of just a fact in our minds, so we grew together as we lived our days of work on opposite sides of the world.

Thus our pattern was established. The first radio program was so well received that we decided to have a second one, also in Hindi. Then, less than a year after we first went on the air in March of 1975, we decided to use the talents of three other nationals who had been Christians for a number of years and to add two programs with Brother Joshua Gootam doing the speaking in the Telugu language, and two programs featuring Brother P. R. Swamy in the Tamil language, and two English broadcasts with the fine British accent of Brother Reggie Gnanasundaram of Colombo, Ceylon. These men were contacted and they agreed to work up the sermons and to have them ready when J. C. returned to India that spring.

In May, 1976, all six went on the air and the mail began pouring in as a result. The printing that had been begun in Delhi, with packages of books being mailed on request to these other preachers, suddenly was not enough to meet the needs. So, hurried preparations were made for translating some of the basic books into Tamil and Telugu, and these radio sermons were also delivered to the printers for publication. Now, instead of one base of operations, we found ourselves with bills to pay in four different places. Efforts to increase interest among the ladies were intensified and, as God has promised "always, all sufficiency in all things" (II Corinthians 9:8), when the time came that a printer had to be paid, the money was there — never a surplus, but somehow always enough to keep on honest terms. And maybe someday there will be enough coming in that we won't have an unpaid balance with any of them.

It was a wonderful thing to know that the gospel was being heard all over India with real appreciation and that people by the thousands were ordering Bible correspondence courses and literature on the various subjects. We were thrilled that the printed sermons could be sent to them so that they could read and re-read them, as

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they continued to be fed by the spoken word coming into their homes in their language at least twice a week. Within a year's time more than 25,000 had written for literature, between 450 and 500 souls that we knew of had been baptized; and since India is such a large country we were sure that many of whom we were not aware had also obeyed the gospel. New congregations were established in a number of cities where no workers had gone to preach personally. Whenever anyone requested baptism, arrangements were worked out for a preacher to go to him if possible, or for him to come to a near-by preacher, or he was referred to someone within his area. If none of these solutions were possible, literature and instructions were sent to him telling him how to be baptized by some friend or relative and how to conduct worship services in his own home. We were convinced that India's only hope lay in the initiative of the Indian converts to spread Christianity; the work could never be done by foreigners. And with such a large population to deal with, it would not be possible for even the local Christians to preach personally to all of the people, planting the seed so that there could be germination and fruit borne. Radio was the answer, providing the introduction of the truth into homes all over India; then it would be the responsibility of the hearers to make known their interest in the gospel so that further teaching, personal teaching, could be done. In this way we knew that not much of our literature being broadcast was being wasted, but it was going into the hands of people who were interested and who wanted it enough to request it.

Our desire while working in India had been to find "Pauls", men with the ability as leaders and with the courage that would enable them to accept the truth once they had learned it; men who would then teach it to others out of their own depth of conviction. It had not occurred to us that this very type of selective conversion would be done through the radio-literature programs, but this has largely been the case. Often, those who are converted live in a village where no other Christians live. This means that they have to have enough conviction to be the first among their people to accept this

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“new way”. Only men of strength and leadership would have the courage to share with others what they have learned. In many cases, already, where one man has been the beginning of a new congregation, he has written to say that he has taught and baptized others of his family or neighbors. And as the months and years pass, with the accumulation of the teaching and the growth of the brotherhood, we expect to see a real impact made for good in India.

At the present time, because we didn't say “no” to the first opportunity God gave us to preach in India via radio, we have fifteen weekly programs in five of the major languages of India, and companion literature through which more than one hundred different books of radio sermons and fundamental truths have been printed.

And this is only the beginning

"Let Us Go Again..."....August 18

We are in the airport at Los Angeles, waiting for the departure of our UTA flight at 11:55 P. M. for Tahiti, enroute to the Fiji Islands which is to be our first stop. I do believe this is the noisiest airport I have ever been in. It is so devoid of the customary luxury and decor that it doesn't even look like an American facility but more like an oversized airport in some underdeveloped Eastern country.

The last three days have been excruciating, especially for the children and me. J. C. has left home so many times that he is used to it, and they have learned that they can endure his absences too. But it's a different thing when the day is approaching that both the Daddy and the Mother will be leaving. Darla has gone along pretty much as usual, but Steve has been looking like a thundercloud in deep blues for days; even Sheila has temporarily lost her smile and ended up in tears every time we talked. Shannon concentrated on ignoring the thought as best he could, but yesterday he cried deeply over every little hurt or frustration, which is unusual for him, so I knew that he was really crying because he knew that today was coming.

I began packing Monday and was relieved that things shaped up as well as they did. Half of the suitcase was filled with the gift suit-lengths, filmstrips, and Bible records, etc. We put our clothes in the other side and found that it wasn't even hard to close! So we are taking only one bag between us. The rest of our weight allowance is taken up with the 108 reel tapes for the radio programs and a painting and some study books I wanted to take for a family I have been teaching via letters for some time. When everything was weighed we had a total of 91 pounds, three more than we are supposed to be allowed, but there was no objection made when we checked in.

I finally got all of my personal letters in the mail and wrote the book fund report. J. C. typed it, and the kids addressed the

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envelopes, so that was gotten in the mail yesterday. Steve copied my address list for me so I can write the people from India. J. C. has been working feverishly in the office, trying to get all of his correspondence taken care of and selecting the materials he needed to take along for printing. Tuesday night we took time for a Bible study that Sister Mattie Daniels, one of the hard-working ladies in the Winona church, had arranged with two of her friends. They seemed very interested, and we will be praying that they will continue to study and will be Christians by the time we return home.

Our general atmosphere was improved by the arrival of Clayton and O'Nirah Malone (my sister and her husband) and their children, Kim and Betty Ann, about midnight Monday night. We called Daddy and Mother to let them know they had gotten in, so they came over and we sat around the kitchen table and talked and ate potato chips and drank cokes until 3:30 A. M. The little ones were already asleep but Shannon was so glad the next morning to find that Betty Ann was there to play with him. They spent the day happily occupied with pretend games while the rest of us worked.

Wednesday, Daddy and Mother went with O'Nirah and Clayton to Jackson to see the new lot they are planning to build a house on, and the children stayed with us. We had most of the packing done by then so I spent a good part of the morning ironing; Sheila and Darla cooked a vegetable lunch — we'll be missing those peas and beans while we are gone! In the afternoon Sheila and I had a long talk, stretched across the bed in our room, and Darla joined us for her share of the conversation too. There were so many things that I wanted to talk over with them, not just instructions but Mother-daughter sharing. I think all three of us felt more cheerful after that.

There were hamburgers for supper because J. C. really enjoys them and they won't be on his menu for some time. We dressed and went to Bible study. Hugs and kisses and goodbyes were exchanged as we left, and then we hurried home to see Clayton and O'Nirah off. (They had decided to let Betty Ann visit with Shannon for a few days, to make our departure easier for him). We also told Daddy goodbye



READY FOR DEPARTURE

“LET US GO AGAIN . . .”

since he is working out of town and would be heading back to the job about three that morning.

There were several telephone calls to make and then finally we went to the home of Gene and Madolyn Gibson who have been responsible for several years for receiving funds for the Ceylon work, so that we could tape their messages to Reggie and his family. It was almost one-thirty by the time we got home, so everyone should have been ready for bed, but J. C. worked awhile longer in the office and Steve taped some gospel records for us to use on the English broadcast.

At three-thirty when I saw Daddy back out of the driveway and start his journey, I was sitting at the kitchen table writing letters to be left for Shannon so that he would have one each day until our mailed ones could begin arriving.

Thursday morning I got up early and put on some of my favorite records and sat down in the den to write a letter to leave for each of the older children. Steve soon joined me and we talked awhile, which helped both of us to feel better. It wasn't long before Sheila and Darla came to the den and sat with us too, so we had some time of closeness to store up for the lonely days ahead.

Lunch was prepared and eaten; I put each of the children's letters in a spot where they would find them later in the day and left Shannon's in Steve's care for daily "delivery"; we moved our luggage out to the car, in spite of the fact that J. C. was threatening to stay on for another week because Mother had just brought several huge watermelons from Aunt Georgia's and Uncle Colon's patch! We just had to have a little before we left because we knew the season would be over when we got home!

At last the dreaded time had come. The older children and I had agreed that we must not cry because that would set Shannon off, and I didn't know what might happen then. Of course, we weren't entirely successful but we did better than I expected. We stood in a circle, holding hands, and prayed, asking God's care for all of us. Then there were the last hugs and words of "I love you"

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and “Keep busy so you won’t feel so lonely”, etc. . . . and it was Shannon’s turn. He started to cry and to beg me to stay at home but I quickly reminded him that Steve was going to play a game with him and Betty Ann. Immediately, he pulled up the tail of his T-shirt and wiped his eyes and went running off for the game, waving and calling “Bye” to us without even looking back! If I could have dropped my teeth then, I am sure I would have! I called out, “Hey, not so fast, Shannon,” and he came back to give J. C. a hug and a kiss, and a baby kiss for me, and then one big kiss for him because he is big and another big one for me because I am big! Oh, how precious a baby’s love is! He decided to play on the swing until we left, and he was very brave because he didn’t cry any more. My last view caught him there, waving slowly to us as we pulled away; Steve was standing by the hanging flower pots with eyes that looked like gulfs of loneliness; Sheila’s were blurred by tears, and Darla’s. I think Mother was a brave brave soul to allow us to leave her with so much responsibility that is not hers. She said, “This is my mission work!” and I am sure that in God’s book most of the credit for good done on this trip will be recorded by her name and Daddy’s.

Larry and Janie Echols (the preacher at Winona), along with their children and Nate Long and David Donely, two young men who came for a campaign in Winona, drove us to Memphis so that the kids wouldn’t have to see us actually leaving. We talked a lot about the work, both at Winona and in India, on the way up, so the time went by quickly. Our departure was set for five o’clock and we had a smooth flight to Los Angeles. When we got here we checked in at the UTA desk and settled down for the 4½ hour wait for departure. A few minutes ago we called home to let them know we had gotten here safely. Both of us talked briefly with each of the children and with Mother. Shannon hardly cried and sternly dried the tears to give some more kisses; Sheila said that we would be proud of them because they had all been working during the afternoon and had not been crying much How I pray that God will keep us all well and that He will ease the loneliness for them.

Fiji....August 22

We have made changes already in our plans. For no extra charge a stop in Sidney, Australia was included in our ticket and we thought it would be good to visit brethren there; but the flight schedule would necessitate our being almost a week there and in New Caledonia before we could get a flight on over to Singapore, so we decided to delete the Australian stop and go straight on to Singapore from Fiji. We were thrilled that seats were available, and we got to New Caledonia at 1:30 this afternoon, expecting to change planes and go on in an hour to Singapore, but there has been a delay for some reason and we will not be leaving until 4:00 A. M. tomorrow.

We had a very smooth flight from Los Angeles to Nandi, Fiji. I think every seat on the big DC 10 was filled, but in spite of the crowded conditions I was so tired that I went to sleep as soon as we had eaten a late night snack about 1:30 A. M. From then till 7:30 the next morning I didn't know I was in the world! Never could anyone have convinced me that I could have slept so comfortably and soundly, sitting up, with only a very small spot for my feet because of the bags that had to be wedged down there in the footroom somewhere! I think J. C. was equally tired because he was still asleep when I woke up. By now we had crossed the International Dateline and had lost all of Friday.

The Marvin Allisons had called us from Memphis the day before our departure, saying that they were leaving that day to return to their work in Fiji and would meet us at the airport there. We were looking forward to meeting them because we had known of their work and had sent literature to them, but our paths had never crossed. Since our plane was two hours late we were anxious to get our luggage collected and to go out to see if they were still waiting for us. In Memphis we had checked our things all the way through Fiji, and I had had an uneasy feeling about it because I just like to *see* our bags

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put on the plane I know we will be in, and of course we didn't see the transfer in Los Angeles. Sure enough, when the luggage came around on the conveyor belt, the box of tapes was missing! To say the least, we were unhappy with that development because we knew how expensive it would be if we had to replace them in Singapore. J. C. and the baggage men checked further for the box while I went on through customs to see if the Allisons were there. Since I had never met them, I went into the waiting lounge and just stood there looking around wonderingly, hoping that they would recognize the expression of one who is expectant for she knows not what. A couple sitting nearby looked likely but I waited for them to say something. Soon the woman asked, "Have you lost something?" I replied that one of our bags was missing and she asked where I was from and then I asked where they were from, and by then I knew they had to be the ones so I introduced myself and we were suddenly on grounds of old acquaintance as Christians! J. C. came out in a few minutes and after greeting the Allisons he went to the UTA office to have them run a check on the tapes. He also bought tickets for a flight in the afternoon over to Suva, Fiji where Robert and Mary Martin work.

Marvin and Billie offered to take us in their "air conditioned" car to meet some of the Christians of the church at Lautoka where they work, and we were happy to have that opportunity. We drove along the streets and roads, noticing how the drought had browned so much of the tropical vegetation, and we talked about the work. Marvin said that they felt they just had to meet us because they had appreciated so much the packages of books J. C. had sent them from Delhi. They had put the books to use in their teaching program, both within the church and without, and he named several of the books that he needed more copies of and also talked of how badly they needed Hindi materials because half of the people of Fiji are of Indian origin! J. C. wrote down his book order and promised to get them in the mail as soon as we reached India. As I sat there listening to them talk, I thought, "*This* is what the ladies' classes and I have been doing all of these months — putting these books into the hands of

missionaries who need them and local people who want them; teaching, teaching, teaching in many places day after day although we did not even leave our homes." Of course I had *known* that all along, but somehow, being there where the action is, where the fruit of our work is really being borne, the tremendous importance of what we are doing hit me with a new force. And I felt a great longing sweep over me, the desire to make "World Literature Fund" really that: a supplier of books in whatever quantity is needed, wherever they are needed, throughout the *whole world*! I know we are going to have to multiply our efforts to do that, but that is what I dream of and the promise is made that God is "able to do exceeding, abundantly, above *all* that we *ask* or *think*". . . . So, look out, World! The barrage of truth is coming!

We stopped at the home of Brother Paula Tera and met his family. He works for the government and is obviously a man of stability and ability. He wife served us wedges of cold sweet watermelon and gave me a necklace of island beads and three pretty sea shells as a remembrance of them. We sang some songs and prayed together before leaving.

Our next stop was at the home of a young dentist who had just moved to Lautoka from Suva. Latika Mesulama greeted us with a warm smile and invited us in to meet his wife and three small sons. It was evident that he would be a great help in the work in Lautoka because he had attended the training school in Suva, and he had served also as a teacher in it and in the annual workshops of the churches of Fiji. It was a pleasure to hear him recall the various books he had used that J. C. had sent him, and even to see those familiar copies there in his home.

We ate a very good Chinese meal with the Allison's and made a quick stop to see their two-story home that was open and spacious and very comfortable. By then it was time to be back at the airport so they dropped us off with the promise to drive over to see us again on Monday when we would be returning from Suva. We waved good-bye and boarded the Air Pacific plane for the twenty-five minute

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journey to the capital to be with the church there on the Lord's day.

Marvin had called Robert Martin to let him know our arrival time, so J. C. recognized the familiar figure in the green jeep pulling up to the terminal. We soon had our bags stowed away and were driving through the streets to the Martins' home. It was wonderful to see Mary and the children, Steve, Mark, and Tanya, along with Maria who has been born since they came to Fiji to work. We shared a meal on their big round table and then talked about the development of the church until the change of time began to catch up with us and we were fighting heavy eyes. The first service on Sunday was to begin at eight o'clock so we went to bed much earlier than our usual two A. M., hoping that we would be fully rested and able to worship.

Tanya gave up her room for us, and it was ecstasy to stretch out on a bed again after so many hours of sitting! How we slept! And, sure enough, when 6:45 came, we were wide awake and ready to begin the day.

There was room for all of the Martins and us in their jeep, and we enjoyed the interesting drive through the streets of Suva to Naulu, the "sub-division" in which one of the congregations meets in a small thatched building constructed beside the house of the John Hamiltons. This church has had some heart-breaking experiences. It is small in number yet, and two of the strongest of the men have been constant companions to the Martins in the work of evangelizing. Brother John Hamilton served as his translator and as the preacher of the Naulu congregation. Ten months ago he died very suddenly of a heart attack, leaving his wife, Eta, and a daughter and a son, and leaving also a great hole in the church. Eta is very strong, though, and has continued to be active in teaching and in encouraging the younger Christians. John Jr., who is only fourteen, is already in classes in the preacher training school, along with Steve Martin who is also fourteen. Both boys show real promise in their development and in their desire to preach. John served the Lord's Supper to the congregation after quoting from memory I Corinthians 11:23-29 and leading in the prayer. He seems to have made a good beginning in following in his father's footsteps.

FIJI

Moti Senikauca, another of the men in the Naulu congregation, took John's place as co-worker with Robert, and he proved to be invaluable. But just a week before our arrival Moti became sick and it was several days before the doctors made the diagnosis of appendicitis. By then, his appendix had ruptured and Moti died within a few hours. Following so closely on John's death, the loss of another dedicated man was a real blow, and doubly so because it was so unnecessary in this age of training and medicines.

I am sure it is hard for Moti's young wife, Mary, to understand how Romans 8:28 can really be applied to Moti and to herself and to their three small children. If only we could see all that God can see, everything would be clear and we would quickly agree with His wisdom. But we cannot see, and we cannot be audacious enough to question, and so in these cases more than at any other time we have to practice walking by faith, being firmly, unquestionably convinced that God knows what He is doing.

Naturally, the loss of two strong leaders has hurt the church in Naulu, and people in the area have even taunted, "What kind of church is this, that two preachers die within one year?" Mary's family members are strong Methodists, and they are using every tactic to convince her that Moti would not have died if they had stayed in the Methodist church. Prayers have gone up to God that she will be strong enough in her convictions to stand in spite of her family.

The service was simple and meaningful. We all pulled off our shoes as we entered the little thatched building, and we sat on mats on the floor. Once a dog came in, and Eta pulled a cane from the weaving of the wall and ran him out; but there was quiet attention during the Lord's supper and the sermon, and we all joined in the singing of English hymns. J. C. spoke on the subject, "The One Gospel". Afterwards, we spent some time in fellowship, and I talked to both Eta and Mary, trying to encourage them in their faith in God and their faithfulness in spite of hardships and great loss.

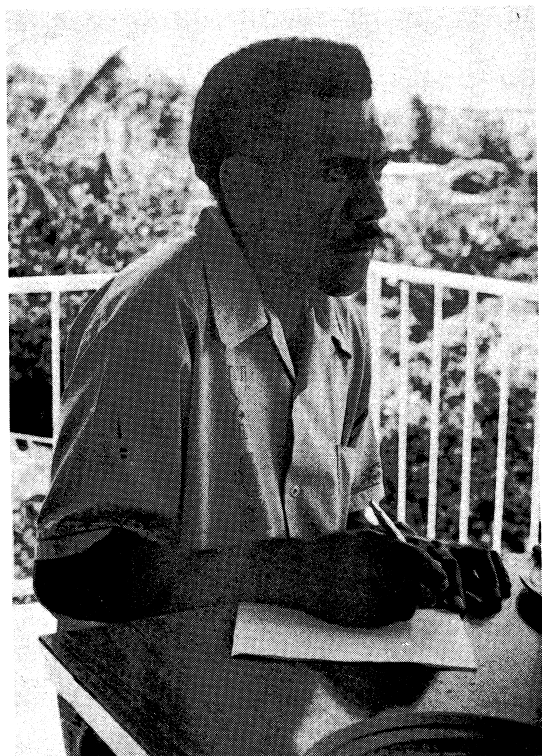
As we were leaving, so that they could go on with their usual Bible study, and we could go to Raiwaqa for their worship period,

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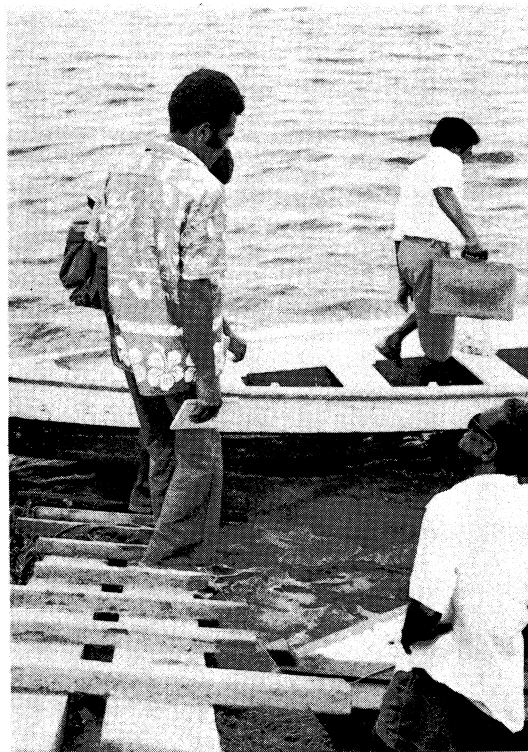
J. C. remarked to Robert that we had thought it peculiar that the thatched walls of the building were framed around young growing trees. Their branches blossomed out of the walls and from under the overhang of the roof. Robert laughed and explained that really the walls had been fastened to poles driven into the ground, but that in the tropical warmth the poles had taken root in the rich soil and were now becoming trees! He laughed and said, "Now you can tell brethren you have seen a 'growing church'!" And then he wondered if it would be described as 'rooted and grounded' in the faith!

The congregation at Raiwaqa has a very nice permanent structure and is making good progress. Again, the singing was in English, but Brother Natani Ravouvou translated J. C.'s lesson, and was very effective. Robert had already told us about Natani, that he is a sergeant in the Fijian army and spends all of his extra time teaching people. He even uses his days off as opportunities to go out to new areas and to preach. I was glad when he went home with us for lunch and we had more opportunity to talk. At the time of his conversion, Robert had written to us of how thrilled he was that such a capable man had been won to God, and he had said that Natani's study of *The Church of the Bible* had contributed greatly to his conversion. We were so happy to know that the literature we had supplied was being useful not only as textbooks in the preacher-training school but also in teaching unbelievers.

While we ate Mary's good meal of roast with baked tapioca and other local vegetables, we talked with Natani about his work and what Christianity means to him. In telling about his conversion he had been impressed by the fact that Brother Perry Cotham, in the first sermon Natani had heard, spoke "nothing but the word of God." A few months later he heard Brother Robert Martin speak in a crusade for Christ and was again impressed that "he preach nothing but the Bible." What he learned on these occasions caused him to "examine them one by one with my Bible. I then came out with only one conclusion: if I really want to have the spiritual blessings and privileges those Christians in the church have, I should be baptized in order to be added to the fold (the church)."



NATANI, TELLING THE STORY OF
HIS CONVERSION



THE RIVER TAXI

FIJI

Soon after lunch we left for the afternoon service at a village several miles away called Vunisinu. We stopped enroute and picked up three others who were to accompany us. One of these was Brother Sammy Matalau, a man of position and influence who has been a great help to Robert in the work. He is one of the teachers in the training school, and since Brother Moti's death he has decided to leave his secular work, at a real sacrifice, and to devote his full time to the Lord's work. Since his conversion he has been able to win his parents and family members to the truth. Just that day one of his brothers had been baptized; and he said that his father broke down and cried with happiness when he told him he had made the decision to give all of his time to the Lord's work.

Most of the road was paved, or poorly paved, but I enjoyed seeing the tropical plants along the way, recognizing many of my potted house plants as they grew, huge and abundant, in the tropical heat and humidity. We finally came, though, to the end of the road where we parked the car and walked to the bank of the island inlet until a long flat boat equipped with a motor cut its way up to the steps at the water's edge and stopped. It was just the right size to hold all of us, so we got in and began the last leg of the trip by "boat taxi". The jungle growth right down to the water's edge, and the clumps of floating water hiacinths with their pretty purple blooms, attested to the fact that we were in an "exotic" land. The minah birds flying up all along the way added movement to the scenes of peaceful village life. We skimmed along with speed down the river, turning to the left or to the right at different forks in the watery road. After covering several miles, we pulled up to a sandy landing and made our way through the village to the home of some newly-converted Christians. This congregation was young, but good interest was being shown, so the brethren were encouraged. We sang in the Fijian dialect, but the alphabet is the same as ours, so we could read the words even though we didn't know their meaning. Most were familiar songs, though, and we enjoyed participating in worship in another language. J. C. spoke briefly about the literature work and

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about the radio work we are doing in India; then Brother Sammy very ably taught a lesson from Hebrews, on the four impossibilities: (1) the impossibility to renew again to repentance those who have fallen away from God; (2) the impossibility for God to lie; (3) the impossibility for the blood of bulls and goats to take away sin; (4) the impossibility to please God without faith.

As I watched his handling of the scriptures, knowing that he was turning here and there to tie various related references together, as I heard his confident speaking with no hesitation or stumbling, I thought again, as I had many times in the past, of the unwarranted attitude of many American Christians. Sadly, and based entirely on opinion instead of real knowledge of the situation, there are many Christians who are not really concerned about sharing the truth with people of other lands because they are convinced that the ignorant incapable people there will not fully comprehend and treasure the truth for themselves; nor would they be able to take it and do anything effective in sharing it with others. How far from the truth is this attitude! I thought of the men we had met in Lautoka, and of the ones with whom we had worshipped today, and I knew that these men had dedication and knowledge and talents comparable to any of their American peers, and far surpassing many of them. American Christians really need to check up on their inner feelings and see if they have the blight of a superiority complex. This attitude is so wrong and has done so much harm in foreign countries because even though it seems that sometimes the American is unaware of his attitude of superiority, the local Christians sense it strongly and are justifiably offended by it.

In the evening we worshipped again with the Raiwaqa congregation. J. C. was asked to speak. Afterward we visited a while with the Christians and then went home to dinner and to an early bed. We still weren't used to the hours which were just the opposite of those at home, so we were beginning to feel as if we had been up all night!

Monday morning we said goodbyes to the Martins and thanked



BROTHERS SAMMY AND ROBERT MARTIN

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Mary for her hospitality. Robert drove us to the airport, talking along the way of his happiness in the work. We agreed from our own experiences when he said, "My family has never been closer to God than they are now; they've never been more spiritual than they are now. This is where the challenge is, where so many important things are going on. I know now that I can never go back to America to live — not that I don't want to, but I know we can't."

It was easy for us to see why he would feel such commitment because of the response and interest of the Fijian people, and because there are approximately 30,000 inhabited islands in the South Pacific and only a handful of these islands have a congregation of the Lord's church. How much we lack carrying out the great commission, and how uncaring some brethren are! It is because of the acute shortage of men to sow the seed in such areas as this that we feel so strongly compelled to print more and more literature and to make it freely available for their use in bulk quantities, in order to increase the number of people who can have some opportunity to know the truth.

When our flight landed in Nandi, we were so happy to find that the tapes had been located and were due to arrive from Los Angeles on that morning's flight. When we had arrived at Nandi, almost the first person I noticed was a clean-cut graying man with a mustache, dressed in a uniform consisting of a shirt and a wrap-around skirt! It looked peculiar to see masculinity dressed in what appeared to be such feminine attire, but I soon put two and two together and realized that here in Fiji the enterprising Indians had taken their native garb — the dhoti or lungi (which is 1½ yards of material wrapped around the hips and legs, and belted or knotted at the waist) — and had gradually developed it into a ready-wrapped lungi which is in reality nothing but a skirt! Anyway, this man had seemed friendly and helpful that first day, so J. C. talked to him about our problem with the tapes and he said that he would personally see to it that they were on the plane. We appreciated his concern and talked with him about the church and gave him the address of the Allisons.

Marvin and Billie picked us up and we visited some of the

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shops and a bazaar to see the things they had for sale. Our flight was scheduled for 12:30 noon, so we didn't have long to be with the Allisons before we had to say goodbye and check through security for departure.

We landed at the air strip in New Caledonia about 1:30, and were told we would be flying on to Singapore at 4:00 A. M., so we were put up at a hotel in the city. We didn't really mind because I was interested in seeing what the country was like, and J. C. was hoping we would have time to visit the museum which he said was a good one. The trip over was 54 km. on a crowded bus. I spent part of the time talking to my neighbors — a couple from New Zealand — about the church. They knew of its existence there and I was glad to know that the word had been so effectively spread. But, sadly, there is no congregation yet in New Caledonia, no address to which we could refer people, and, to our knowledge, no one is preparing to go.

Again the vegetation was tropical, but there were few island people or Indians to be seen anywhere. New Caledonia is like a small France, which seems to be typical of all French possessions, and French people and the French language were everywhere. We had seen a good bit of the city by the time we finally reached Chateau Royale, a very fancy hotel on the beach. We checked in and then immediately took a bus back to the main part of the city to see the museum, but it was already closed; so we went instead into some shops to price things. J. C. always comes away from visiting French possessions with a real sympathy for those who live there, because prices are so high. At a typical supermarket, peaches were \$2.00 a pound; watermelon, 50 cents a pound; celery, \$1.75 a pound; lettuce, \$1.00 a pound; fish, \$2.50; bacon, \$3.00; chicken with feet, claws, head, eyes — all except the feathers — was \$1.75 a pound! At a department store, a terry cloth new-born infant sleeper was *on sale* at the supposedly reduced price of \$10.00!

We made the mistake of stopping at a sidewalk cafe for a coke and really regretted our unintentional extravagance. When the waiter

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said we owed him more than \$2.00 for those two little glasses of coke that were not even cold, we were so glad our room and evening meal were being supplied by UTA — otherwise we likely could not have afforded to eat or drink or sleep!

The meal at the hotel was pleasant, with an atmosphere of dignity and quiet reserve. An islander played the guitar and serenaded at the different tables with the diners' choices of songs; he did a very moving rendition of "Danny Boy" which has always been one of my favorites. On the way back to our room we stopped to watch the closing minutes of an outdoor performance of island music and folk dances.

And now I am sitting here in this French room, waiting for one o'clock and time to get dressed for the bus trip back across the island. J. C. is sleeping soundly, but I wanted to feel the silence of the night and the loneliness of being so far from home and those I love. The ocean is incessantly sweeping over the sands, just a few feet outside our window. I can hear it washing, washing, washing, singing an endless song of the awesome greatness of its Creator and of the sweet, sweet peace He holds out to the world, if only it would receive what He has to give.

TO THE OCEAN

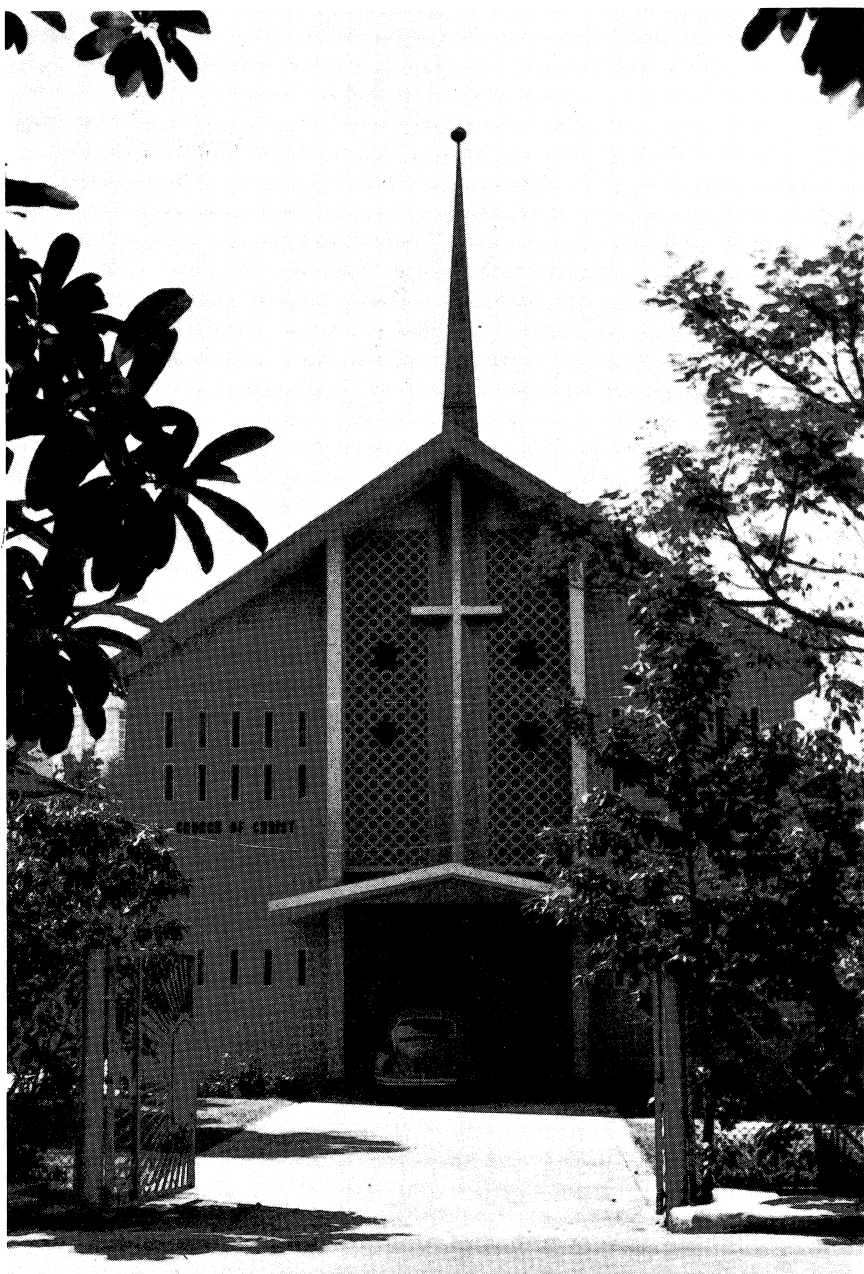
Washing — gently washing
In a ceaseless song upon the shore,
Your waves in words unspoken
Praise the One whom I adore;
How they sing of exaltation,
Of a majesty supreme,
Of a glory and a grandeur
That no man has ever seen;
How they whisper of the power
Held in check this star-lit night
That could sweep in raging torrents
Over earth's remotest height;

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up on the field, and his heart is here. I have tried to convince him that he has a great contribution to make in the area of telling other young people what it is like to grow up in the foreign work and the responsibility he feels as a young man toward the lost of the world. So I couldn't resist the opportunity to ask him how his book is shaping up! His sheepish look was all the confession that was needed, but I am praying that one day he will make time to write it, because it would fill a real need. I think that parents who would read it, considering whether or not they should take their children to a foreign field, and young people whose parents are thinking of going, would have many of their questions answered and their fears allayed by the things he would say. So, Dave . . .?

Singapore is a crowded city, bursting out in every direction with bustling activity. There is no welfare program and no unemployment, and the economy is the second highest in the East. Being there, one can see that it is the real success story this sounds like.

The next ten days were filled with many things: there was good fellowship with the Hogans, sharing meals together and talking over the work and events since J. C. was there last. Others joined in the fellowship too: the Pat McGees were there when we arrived, getting last minute purchases made before going to Jakarta, Indonesia where they will be working; the Bob Youngs, who have been in Singapore for the past year helping with the printing of tracts, were in and out on various occasions before their departure for the States; a young Christian stationed at Garcia base was there for two or three meals. We appreciated his dedication to God that caused him to seek out other Christians for fellowship, rather than to be caught up in the kind of "fun" his fellow-soldiers were having during their days off duty. The Cossions of Shades Mountain congregation, Birmingham, Alabama stopped on their way from checking on the work at Mt. Zion, India and visiting the Carl Johnsons whom that congregation supports in Western Samoa. We have supplied large quantities of materials for the church and school in Mt. Zion, as well as for the new work that is being done in Samoa, so we were interested in the progress in those places. Most of the time we were in Singapore, the Don Greens were



THE MEETING HOUSE OF THE CHURCH AT
131 MOULMEIN RD. IN SINGAPORE

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also there: they had worked in Singapore in the past and have come back, hoping to be able to get a visa to live in Ipoh, Malaysia, or, if not there, then perhaps in Thailand or Indonesia. I was glad for the opportunity to get to know Ann. She was also good at counting! You can see that at practically every meal we had to count noses for the number of places to set at the table! This is a very important factor in working in foreign fields, and one becomes adept in the art of enjoying fellowship to the maximum while increasing or decreasing the size of the cooking pot and the table according to the need!

I suppose this is one reason it seems to us that the mission field is where the action is. Wherever we have lived we have had many visitors, people on their way to or from the field, people who were busy working toward goals, discussing progress or needs, people who had real purpose in life. This atmosphere is not always evident in the States, and we miss it.

After being out of touch with home and no way for them to contact us even in case of emergency, we booked a call to the kids for Monday morning at 9:00, which was Sunday night (August 28) at 10:00 for them. I dreaded trying to call because of the possibility of not having a good connection and therefore not being able to understand each other; but as it turned out the line was very clear. Darla had already gone to Daddy's and Mother's house for the night, but Sheila, Steve, and Shannon were at home and it was so good to hear their reassuring voices that all was well and that even Shannon was doing fine. Sheila said that he hadn't cried once for us, so that was wonderful news. Shannon was trying to say something to me when it came time to hang up, but I couldn't understand him and I was trying to explain that we had to say goodbye. A frantic edge came into his voice as he kept saying, "*Wait*, Mommy, wait; I want to *tell* you something." I could tell that even though what he probably had to say was just some little thought important only in the mind of a five-year-old, he would have felt really cut off from me if he hadn't been allowed to say it, so I waited and asked what he

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wanted. His question was, "Did you get my letter?" (It had come just a few minutes before I called) and "Did you like my kisses?" (Sheila had put lipstick on him and there were three sweet kisses beside his name.) Then he was ready to say "bye" with a happy little voice and not a tear. We had been praying, and had asked many others to pray, that God would especially help the children not to feel our separation so deeply that the two months would be a hurtful experience for them. I hung up the phone with deep gratitude both for the prayers and for God's abundant answer to them.

We had two main purposes for stopping in Singapore: the printing work that is underway there, and shopping for taping equipment for the radio work in India. For the Singapore area of the East we have a projected printing program of one hundred different titles of various study books to come from the press over the next five years. The first four had been delivered, Gordon was doing the third proof-reading on the text for the second batch of four, and J. C. turned the third set of manuscripts over to the printer. He began immediately to help with the proof-reading, so that the printer promised to deliver those books in two weeks. He also completed the proof-reading of a book by Pat McGee on a debate Pat had with a preacher of the Brethren church, on the plan of salvation. The debate was well done and the book will be of real value to brethren in this part of the world where that denomination is relatively strong. It contains a number of charts, so I worked most of one night drawing the illustrations in order that the entire manuscript would be ready for the printer the next day.

Of course, our sleeping hours were not established yet, so I was surprised that I consistently woke up early and was not sleepy during the day, even though I rarely turned off the light at night before two o'clock.

Singapore would be a bad place to live if a person had a weakness for bargains and bargaining. I fit that description exactly — so it was both pain and pleasure to go downtown and look through the shops. There are many, many, many shopping areas, since selling is

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Singapore's purpose for existence. Anything and everything that one can think of wanting is there for the buying. J. C. and I walked out from the Hogan house on our second day in the city, hailed a taxi, and settled back to enjoy the ride to Shenton Way. The Chinese are a clean neat people, reflecting the latest trends in fashion. The buildings and streets are clean, too, with tropical trees and bushes to relieve the harshness of concrete and steel. We were amazed at the number of high-rise apartment complexes going up all over the city, the government's planned effort to do away with slums and to make adequate housing available to all of Singapore's two-and-a-half million inhabitants. The modern office buildings, many stories tall, made an impressive skyline, and we marvelled at the growth that had taken place since we were there last in 1972.

Downtown, we went to a restaurant facing the harbour and had lunch. It was a very nice place, and the prices were probably not bad, but we are used to McDonald's range! I decided on a bowl of tomato soup and J. C. got fried fish and chips, which he sweetly shared! There is certainly no shortage of good eating places in Singapore, and during our days there we ate at several of them. One day we invited Gordon and Jane to go with us to the Shalimar Restaurant for lunch. As the name suggests, it is Indian, and had a very Indian atmosphere with carved screens and other typical crafts making up the decor. The standing order for Gordon at the Shalimar is chicken tikka (spiced chicken) chicken biryani (a fried rice dish) with curry (spiced gravy), and chapati — the best bread in the world, according to Gordon! The flavor of each dish was very rich, but none of them were so hot that they were unpleasant, so we thoroughly enjoyed the meal, my first Indian food in more than three years.

Other days when we had to be out we went to Kentucky Fried Chicken (yes! the Colonel is there and doing a healthy business because the Chinese really like chicken!) and to A & W Root Beer for a snack.

At Shenton Way we went first to a travel agent to find out about the price of tickets and the schedule for flights to Sri Lanka.

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We had been reading of their internal violence and curfews, but we hoped to stay with our schedule to go there from Singapore on September 1.

From the travel agent's we walked around to Change Alley, which really consists of two small alleys a block long, a miniature bazaar. On each side of the narrow streets are tiny shops with everything imaginable on display, the goods crowded back into the small cubicles and over-flowing from the open fronts to be exhibited in cases or from hangers reaching out into the already crowded street. Printed T-shirts, kaftans, batik shirts and skirts are for sale in one section; pre-recorded cassette tapes are displayed by the hundreds at scattered little "stands" — those cannot be properly described as shops. Expensive fountain pens are a popular item, as well as all kinds of electronic equipment, watches, film, cameras, carved pieces, etc. It is so interesting just to walk slowly along and see the many things that are for sale.

And as one walks, often the shopkeeper will say, "Yes, madam?" as you pass, hoping to provoke some interest. If you turn aside to look, you should be prepared for the big prices that are usually asked. Tangs, Chinese Emporium and other such shops are the places to go for those who don't like to haggle over prices. But I enjoy bargaining, just for the fun of the exercise, so Change Alley is right down *my* alley! I walk along the way looking at some costume jewelry with the girls in mind (after all, they will be expecting some compensation for our absence!) and I answer the feeler of, "Yes, madam . . .?" with "How much are these?" "Very cheap, madam. Only five (Singapore) dollars." I reply with a very serious look (and a genuine one, too, because I know that what I am about to say is so): "Oh, my! — that's too high." "No, madam, not too high — look at the workmanship — it is a very good price." "But I can't buy it, it's too high," beginning to move on. "O.K. . . . O.K. You first customer today . . . how much you pay?" Moving thoughtfully back, I look at the piece again and offer, "If I buy

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three pieces, I'll give you two dollars each." "Oh, but, madam — below my cost! My cost three dollars!" "Well, I can't afford them then — I would give you two dollars, but I can't pay any more," slowly beginning to move away. The shopkeeper begins to finger through the assortment, asking, "Which you like?" I make my selection and pay him, commenting on how pretty the pieces are, and we conclude our transaction with smiles, both of us being satisfied.

Through the years of bargaining, I have learned a number of lessons: (1) keep a smile; it advertises some flexibility. A deadly earnest attitude while bargaining becomes a serious battle of wills that results in bad feelings and no sale. (2) Watch for the look in the shopkeeper's eye, being aware too that he can read yours. When bargaining is in progress, as the price draws closer and closer to the real figure, the expression also reflects "rock bottom" and one learns to tell when the price has been reduced as much as is possible. Then, if the item is worth that price to me, I capitulate and pay it; if not, I thank the man and go on. Often sales are made by compromise: he asks ten and I offer five; then one or the other says, "O.K., not ten, not five. Make it seven-fifty." (3) Never cut off your nose to spite your face! During my early years of experience, on several occasions I walked off without something I really wanted or needed just because I set a price and was determined to stay with it — and missed the buy, often over just a few cents difference between the asking and offering price. I've learned to evaluate beforehand, "How much do I really want this?" and have made it a rule never to "save face" in such a dumb way again. (4) Of course, it is very dangerous to bargain at all unless you have some knowledge of what the price should be, or of what percentage is generally cut from the initial asking price. A green shopper radiates his greenness and is the shopkeeper's delight. He may pay double or triple what an item is worth, and go away feeling good over being fleeced.

After checking recording equipment in several shops, we finally decided that the selection and prices at Peter Cheu were the best. We were happy to have these more important purchases made. I shopped,

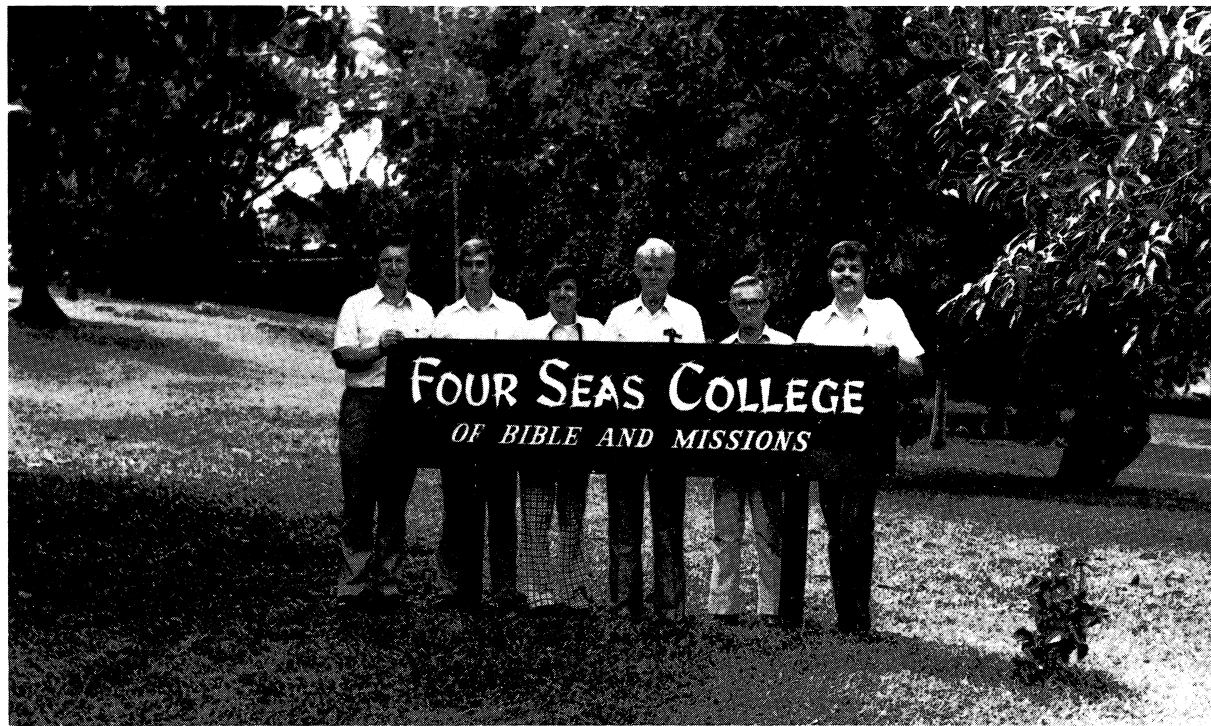
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too, for new sarees for myself and to take to Reggie's wife and daughters, and to Sunny's wife and mother. It was a relief when the various things on our list had been marked off and we could concentrate our whole attention on other matters.

I have enjoyed worshipping with the church in Singapore each time we have been there, but this time I hoped to get to know more of the Christians personally. J. C. had been there on numerous occasions and had worshipped at one time or another with most of the ten congregations in the city. This time Gordon had planned for J. C. to preach at Moulmein Road in a week-long meeting, and classes were planned for the women. The only problem was that, because of a previously scheduled meeting at Four Seas College (of which Gordon is president), the last week of August was already taken up, so Gordon had announced J. C.'s meeting to be September 4-11, the first full week he thought we would be there. But because we knew that the bulk of our work would be in India and that we would need to spend most of our time there, it was just not possible for us to wait over so long in Singapore. Finally, it was worked out for J. C. to teach the Wednesday night Bible class, the Sunday morning Bible class, and to give the lesson during the worship hour.

The following Monday and Tuesday we accompanied the Hogans and others to the Four Seas College Campus where two of the students preached. The students at the college did the personal work, visiting homes, inviting people to attend the meeting, and they conducted the entirety of the services. They had also prepared an excellent display of the tracts and other literature printed by the church. The singing was enthusiastic and inspiring. The lessons were well prepared and were presented with confidence. Both nights someone responded to the invitation, so we gathered at the wall gate of the college and witnessed the long walk out into the Strait of Malacca for the immersions in the sea, with the lights of one of the cities of Malaysia outlining the shore in the background.

On Sunday evening arrangements were made for a special class for the women after the regular worship period. The array of open,



TEACHERS IN THE JANUARY SEMINAR AT FOUR SEAS COLLEGE IN SINGAPORE

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interested faces as I looked out across them was an inspiration. With the thought in mind that this one lesson might be my only opportunity to share with them what I felt could not be left unsaid, I had planned a study emphasizing the precious gems embedded in the scriptures. It is so easy for us to read a verse, looking for the general thought that is being put forward, but often we don't stop to consider carefully the deep meaning of single words or of phrases in the verse that can create a whole new depth for the entire verse.

There was close attention and notes were also taken, so I hoped my Southern accent was not too much an obstacle to their understanding. They asked me to teach the ladies class on Wednesday night also, and wanted to know if we could please have another class following the dismissal on Wednesday evening. I agreed to do whatever they wanted, so we shared two more lessons: one is a favorite theme to me, "Learning to Partake of Divine Nature", and I showed that often people don't really try to apply the teachings of Christ in their daily existence (love your enemies, go the second mile, don't worry, etc.) because they feel that these are simply godly attitudes to aspire to, but not very practical — that they are too hard to really live by. So I pointed out that God's eternal aim in dealing with man is to teach him to have again the divine nature. He was originally created in God's image and has fallen to what we term "human" nature because of sin. But also these teachings of God are designed as the only solution to enable us to live the best life even in this world, so they are not just "goody-goody" attributes we should hope to develop, but they are practical and essential guide lines for one's welfare. For instance, hatred (of enemies), resentment, worry, fear, etc. all have specific and definite harmful effects on the human body. Uncontrolled anger causes the secretion of toxins that poison the whole system. Most of the cases of colitis have a history of an attitude of resentment in their background. Jealousy and envy are the causes of ulcers, high blood pressure, mental stress, etc. Worry, tension, and fear cause stomach disorders, mental diseases, vascular diseases, glandular problems, high blood pressure, etc. Hatred, desire for revenge, resentment cause ulcers, strokes, heart trouble, high blood pressure. All of these do

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serious harm and can finally destroy the physical body. So when Jesus says that we are to overcome these marks of “human” nature, He was not giving us a godly standard too exalted to have practical application. He was offering us the formulas for protection from the harmful and fatal effects of “human” nature: (1) Love your enemies: the emotion of love has as many beneficial effects on the body as hatred has harmful effects. (2) Go the second mile: give the cloak in addition to the coat. Doing what is *demanded* causes resentment; adding a gracious gift that the receiver is not worthy to receive (a gift we choose to give) swallows up resentment in the happiness of giving something undeserved. (3) Trust God’s promises: it’s the only way to overcome fear and worry and find peace of mind.

The “lesson after the lesson” had to be one on prayer and providence, because I am fully convinced that if people can have created within them the hunger for God’s word (the first lesson), and the realization of the power of prayer and God’s personal intervention in our lives through providential care, then these are the keys to eventual spiritual maturity. So, we read from Romans 15:30-32 of Paul’s request to the Romans that they strive with him in prayer for three things: (1) that he might be delivered from the unbelievers in Judea; (2) that his gifts for the needy saints in Jerusalem might be accepted; (3) that he might be able to come to them. Then we turned back to Acts 21:17 and traced the answers to these prayers through the remaining chapters of Acts, noting that all along the way God was over-ruling in everything that happened to Paul. He was working through providential tools (using people and events who often did not even realize they were being used) to answer the prayers, rather than using miraculous power. Today, as we pray, we can depend on God’s use of providence to answer our prayers according to all that is good for us.

On Thursday morning one of the young women, Siew Kheng, called to see if we could have a class in the afternoon for some new converts who had not been able to attend the previous classes. She asked that I teach on the importance of worship, so when we gathered at two we considered the subject of worship first. Afterward, I

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asked if they had any questions and several were asked, including, "Why are women inferior to men?" I answered that they are not. When God made Adam, God knew that he was not complete within himself and that he needed woman to make him whole. This was the first time God said, "It is not good . . ." But he didn't make Eve until Adam had named all the animals and had made the discovery that there was no one for himself. Then God made woman as a "help meet" (suitable) for man, the being who would make him complete. Neither was inferior to the other; both were vital to the whole. When the fall came, because it was woman with her innate attributes who fell prey to Satan's deceit, then God placed her under the oversight of her husband. Did the curse say that God was making her his servant? No. She still has the vital role of wife and mother that only she can fill, but in addition she should be able to live with the assurance of her husband's protective stand between herself and her own impulses and emotions that might lead her astray. This is a security I treasure as a woman, personally.

Siew Kheng asked other questions so that before our study was over we had covered in condensed form the main material of the previous lessons. The girls were very attentive and teaching them was a real joy.

I felt, after two and a half hours that I had better end the studies, since it seemed that they would not, so we prayed together and dismissed the group. Siew Kheng thanked me several times for the lessons, and so did the other girls, and I promised to send them copies of the ladies class book I am working on as soon as it is printed.

When I was on my way upstairs to the part of the building in which the Hogans live, Rosaleen Quek met me and asked if we could talk and study for awhile, so we spent the next two hours sharing truths that have grown precious to us. Rosaleen is only nineteen, but she has the confidence and maturity of a much older person. She has taught many people and won them to Christ, even during her short time of being a Christian. The previous night we had exchanged Bibles because I wanted the opportunity of reading some of her

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notes. The date in the front of it was January 1975 and in less than three years there was probably not a page on which she had not marked and commented on some verse or many. I have never seen a Bible that showed the evidence of so much study, and the fruit of it is seen in her effectiveness in teaching others. She has already won fifty or sixty people this year, and even during the few days we were in Singapore she saw several of her “children” baptized. I asked Rosaleen to tell in her own words what Christianity means to her:

“This thought sometimes occurs in my mind, ‘What will happen if I am not a Christian?’ I believe the thought of this terrify me because how tragic it will be to live a life lost without Christ . . . I truly thank God that I am a Christian . . . Now may I make known how I was converted. The first time I ever heard about Jesus and the Bible was when I was 12 years of age . . . during December of this year, two wonderful Christians came knocking at my door, inviting me for the Vacation Bible School at Moulmein Church of Christ . . . after one and a half years I put on my Lord in baptism. I always thank God for His grace to allow me to be what I am . . .

“What does this Christian life mean to me? . . . it means all I live for is Christ. Living a Christian life is: (1) great and worthwhile — it’s great because my God is great and . . . it’s worthwhile because it lives in hope and assurance . . . (2) challenging: in this life, I know that as children of light we are warring a spiritual battle with the power of wickedness . . . (3) deep realization of God and me — I live this life knowing that God loves and cares for me . . . It helps me to realize that life has its ups and downs, but one thing is comforting . . . God is always watching me. (4) service and giving: I come to comprehend more fully that the greatest service we can do for mankind is to bring the good news of salvation so that their eternal welfare may be in the hand of our good God. It is a great thrill and joy to serve God and man in this capacity. (5) A great blessing Heaven has bestow to earth — it gives me rich blessings and then allow me to shower them to others . . .

Finally I thank God for giving me a Christian life . . . I know

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I will continue enjoying (goodness and kindness of God) as long as I run my Christian race faithfully and finish my course . . . It is great to be a Christian!”

Another young woman whom Gordon says has probably converted half of those who have been baptized this year at Moulmein Road is Siew Kheng. She, like Rosaleen, is a sweet, quiet-seeming person with a beautiful smile, and if a non-Christian comes within teaching distance, he had better watch out! About two months ago Siew Kheng enrolled for a course in stenography, and found herself in a class with twelve other students. Of the new converts who wanted to have the special class on Thursday, *four* were fellow-students that Siew Kheng had already converted! By the time she finishes the course, there won't be one student who has not had opportunity to know the truth, and with her success in moving people to obedience, there probably will not be more than two or three who have not become Christians! Siew Kheng made this statement:

“My interest in Christianity was sparked off by my classmate Gladys Ang whose warm invitation to the church and evangelism camp I could not reject. So in December 1973 I was one of the campers in Four Seas College Campus.

“Gladys and sister Pien (a FSC student from Viet Nam) taught me Jesus and the decision was made to obey God. My desire to know more of the word so that I can go to Heaven (John 17:3) actually drove me to FSC, quitting my secular school and there was no regret at all, ever. If I had never been to FSC maybe I would never had realized the need or urgency to preach the gospel to the world.

“The joys and blessings from God like love, friendships, new life, new understandings, purity of thoughts, peace of mind, wisdom, beauty, courage, forgiveness, mercy and God's providential care, answered prayers; all these and more: sadness, discipline, failures, disappointments, weaknesses, all work to help me stay close to God. After graduation, 1977, God answered my prayers to be able to spend my life doing . . . “full-time” the Lord's work. Since then . . . have been trying to win souls for Christ.

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“In the . . . first few months was very . . . fearful . . . so relied on God . . . praying for His help and guidance . . . He comforted and assured me by a good harvest. Later, as I fail to cling on to God, my life is always upset and thus became less effective in reaching out . . . but thanks be to God who brought me back to him again and again.”

I looked at Rosaleen and Siew Kheng, and at the other dedicated enthusiastic Christians that make up the family in Singapore, and I longed for Christians at home to have the joy of knowing these brothers and sisters. Surely if they could see the effect the gospel has had on these lives, and the ability of these people to understand, to grow, and to share with those around them; surely if American brethren could see this result of sending the gospel to people of other lands, they would give more gladly and liberally to make a greater work possible both in the United States and in foreign lands.

The building at 131 Moulmein Road is flanked on the left by a large Buddhist temple, and the priests there have developed the regular practice of having their own chanting, bell-ringing services at the same times the church meets on Sundays and Wednesdays. I suppose they are protecting themselves from being invaded by the power of the “devils” next door! Buddhist beliefs and superstitions are major things to be dealt with in the work in Singapore, because most of the elderly people are staunch Buddhists and they object very strongly to the conversion of their sons and daughters to Christianity. Repeatedly among the members of the church the same story makes up the background: unhappy defiance of the old ways and the beliefs of the parents in order to accept the teachings of Christ. Often bad family problems, and sometimes ostracism, are the result. Even while we were there, the announcement was made several times that the Christians should be praying for a young girl who had been baptized just before our arrival, and whose Buddhist parents were keeping her locked in her room. These people are a part of us, our brothers and sisters. Persecution seems an unrealistic danger to us in our world, but to some of them it is an ever-present price to be paid for salvation. Let us not forget them.

Our departure from Singapore was scheduled for 8:00 on

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Thursday evening. Jane and Gordon took us to the airport and we were met there by Reggie's son, Chandiran, who is in Four Seas College, and another Ceylonese student. All of us had been watching the papers closely all week for news of Ceylon because of the civil unrest and resulting curfews they were having. Chandiran had shared with us two letters from his father. They were enlightening on the problems there, as well as beautiful letters of spiritual love from a Christian father to his son. Would you like to read over our shoulders?:

"There has been a sudden outbreak of violence, fighting, looting, plundering and stealing, arson, and the most gruesome — very ugly and shocking — killings. There have been so many shops in many parts of the country that have been looted, all of them belonging to the Tamils. Also Tamil homes in the outstations and in Colombo have been looted. So many Tamils are living in fear. Many Tamils have lost their homes . . .

"The first news that I got about the dreadfulness of this situation was when the papers had reported that there was violence in Jaffna. This started when a group of policemen dressed in civilian clothes had gone to a carnival there and eaten some food at a cafe and refused to pay for the food they had eaten. This caused a disturbance and the people had severely beaten those policemen. These policemen had gone back to the police station and brought other men and there was a big fight that took place. This spread and the whole of Jaffna was fighting between the Tamils and the Singhalese.

"Brother Duraisingham and his family were going to Jaffna on the 8th morning. They were going to attend a wedding. The train had stopped in a jungle. They did not know what was happening as they found people from the train running into the jungle. Then they found some Singhalese had entered their compartment and demanded that they too get down. This they did with much difficulty as it is so difficult to get down from a train when it is not on a station platform. The steps are so high from the ground. However they did manage to get down with the greatest difficulty. Brother Duraisingham in the process fell down but fortunately nothing happened to him. When

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they too were going into the jungle they observed a policeman who wanted them to get into the train. Then they again got in with difficulty and within a few minutes the train started off. Again the train stopped and they found another train proceeding in the direction of Colombo had also stopped. So they again got down and got into this train and amidst a lot of hardship returned to Colombo by noon. Although there were several passengers who had lost all their belongings as they were all stolen, the Duraisinghams lost nothing and they all so very fortunately came to Colombo unhurt.

"Now gradually all of this violence began to spread to Colombo and the South and how much of suffering there was among the Tamils. As the situation was going out of hand the government declared a curfew in Colombo and several other areas on Saturday 13, 6:00 p. m. till 4:00 a. m. on Monday. So the whole of Sunday all were in their homes.

"On the 15th morning we received a telephone call from Deanna that the roof of Freddie's home had been damaged as a result of the fire that took place in their neighbor's house. This is that newly built upstairs house where the husband is a Tamil and the wife a Singhalese. The rear part of the house had been set on fire on Sunday night during the curfew and the police who arrived had to get onto Freddie's roof to put out this fire and in the process the roof was damaged. I went to see them on Monday morning. I also saw another shop at Nugogoda which had been burnt down completely. Throughout Monday, 15th, violence was spreading and the government again declared a curfew from 8:00 p. m. till 4:00 a. m. on Tuesday the 16th. On Monday night at about 7:55 p. m., just about 5 minutes before curfew time, I received a telephone call from George Manickam asking me to come there to his home as they were expecting trouble. I really did not know what to do and then I preceeded immediately to the Narhenpita Police Station and obtained a curfew pass and went to the Manickam home. They were sending out all of their valuables to a neighboring Singhalese home. All the ladies and the children too went in there for the night. In the meantime the army arrived and assured them protection. I returned home and was in touch with George

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throughout the night by telephone and we were so thankful that nothing had happened.

"On the 16th morning all of us left home at about 6:00 a. m. to visit Freddie's home again. On the way we went to Mirihana to see how the Daniels were faring. We were distressed to find that they had been threatened and all the ladies were in hiding in a Singhalese home. The father, Jaya and Yogam were confined to their house from the 11th, not being able to leave their home for fear of harm. They were so happy to see us and we were able to comfort them and to pray for them. Their food was being supplied by some sympathetic Singhalese home. I thereafter proceeded to the home of Freddie and was happy to find that all was well there. On the 16th again they imposed a curfew from 8:00 p. m. till 4:00 a. m. on the 17th.

"On the 16th evening we had a meeting at Malgawatto which was conducted by Raj and then I proceeded with Raj's father to Hendala to visit all of the brethren there. We were so thankful that they were all safe and I was able to comfort and strengthen them and pray with them and this meant so much to all of them. By 8:00 p. m. I was at home and then I received a telephone call at about 9:00 p. m. from Yogam that they were in trouble and wanted me to come there and take them away. I told Yogam that I was prepared to get a pass and come there and to let me know after discussing matters with their father again. Yogam telephoned back that they had decided to leave at about 6:00 a. m. the following day and I agreed to go there and to get them out. I went to Yogam's house along with George and brought them all, the whole family to our home.

"The whole Daniel family is in our home from the 17th morning. We are all living in fear but continuing prayerfully, trusting in the Lord and confident that the Lord will take good care of us.

"Today I am proceeding to Fort to see what I can do to get the car insured against fire and I also want to insure the house and all of the furniture if possible.

"I forgot to mention that on the 17th evening I was out of the home along with Jaya and Yogam to see what the position was along the Galle Road. All seemed to be quiet and when we got home,

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mummy said that Raj had telephoned asking me to come there at once. I along with Yogam went again to the Police Station, obtained a curfew pass and proceeded to Raj's. They too had been threatened and after a long discussion we decided to move them all to a neighboring Singhalese home. The boys were determined to fight it out but I spent much time in telling them not to do so and I left when they agreed not to fight and go along with their parents to that Singhalese home for the night. I will be going there this morning to see what has happened there.

"Now do you see, Chandiran, the trying time that all of us the brethren have been going through here? But yet we have been all taking this up confidently, putting our trust in God who has looked after and protected us all so well.

"I forgot to mention that yesterday in the morning I received a telephone call from the Duraisinghams that they were in trouble and I went there at 9:00 a. m. and moved them all to a home of a relative at the Slave Island Police quarters. I called them last night and was happy that all was well with them.

"Chandiran, in a situation like this we really missed hearing from you. How much more comforting it would have been to hear from you regularly. Chandiran, do not neglect writing regularly and also sharing everything you do there, just as I have done in giving you a detailed description of all that took place here, because this is what Christian fellowship means.

"I am enclosing a copy of some scriptures I have been sharing with the brethren here to comfort and strengthen them . . ."

Later he wrote to Chandiran:

"Chandiran, I am happy about the marks you received. After all, this was your first attempt there and you were new and unsettled and homesick but in spite of all of these problems you have done your best I have no doubt. Now what you must keep in mind is if you have achieved this this time you are surely capable of doing do much better at your next test. So do your best and be determined that you will do better and God will help you through. Always do as

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much as you can every day. Never postpone any study for the following day. Today is the day we have and always do all this well today and do your best also to do a little of what you can do for tomorrow. By this method of working you will see for yourself how all things will improve considerably with you. You remember my writing to you about a millionaire who said that the reason for his success was that he always did today a little of what he could do the following day and that he did everything to the best of his ability. So do keep this firmly in your mind and you will certainly succeed.

"I had written to J. C. also about all of the troubles we have had over here. The problem now is so much better and things appear to be getting under control. We are still having the curfew every night from 8:00 p. m. till 4:00 a. m. the following day. This morning I took back the Daniel family to their home at Mirihana. I hope that they will not have any further problems and I have told them that they could always get in touch with me and that I would be happy to bring them to our home. We have had no incidents or troubles down Park Road so far. But you cannot say what would happen and we are continuing prayerfully . . .

"Brother Duraisingham and family are staying with a relative of theirs in the police quarters at Slave Island. He wanted me to conduct a service there in the evening and I have agreed to do this, as there are a number of denominational people there.

"I will also be investigating the possibility of obtaining a police pass so that I could conduct some meetings in the night at the various schools where the Tamils are staying for protection. So my hands are quite full and I just do not have the time even to have my usual nap in the afternoons. In the nights too I cannot sleep well because I get up whenever the dogs bark and check to see that all is well. The telephone too keeps ringing throughout the night with brethren either calling for help or inquiring whether we are all right. Yesterday was so busy that I missed my lunch too. As a result of all this I am now having a cold, but this is not so bad.

"Chandiran I know you must be praying for us and this is so

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comforting to know that although you may be so far away yet we are so close in Jesus Christ. Chandiran, do not let all of this bother you because the Lord will take good care of us. You must do your best by settling down to your work and you do your part well. I am doing all that I can, mummy is doing her part, and if we all will only do our part then you can be certain the Lord will do his part.

“In view of the problems here I have written J. C. in Singapore to come here during the day so that I could pick him up from the airport. I also asked him not to plan to stay here too long as I would hate for any harm to befall them.

“We are all doing fine and praying ceaselessly for you. God bless you and keep you. With much love, Papa.”

We enjoyed talking and sharing last thoughts as we waited for the announcement instructing us to clear security. Chandiran remembered that it has been a tradition to have a chocolate cake whenever J. C. comes to Colombo, so he laughed and said, “If the chocolate cake comes this time, it will be the first time Mummy has made it with her hands alone — when I am there I am always the mixer!”

The announcement came on schedule and we said goodbyes, looking forward to our return that way after the work in India is finished. We were soon in the departure lounge, and now we are seated on the Air Ceylon DC-8 plane, flying over the Indian Ocean. The lights of Singapore were left behind long ago, and I want to use this time for sleep, to catch up on some of the hours I’ve lost the last several nights — but I am too excited. The thought of being in Ceylon again, especially of being with Reggie and Mahes and their girls, with the others in the church, keeps making bubbles of happiness rise up from deep within. How wonderful it will be to see their dear faces and to meet our new grandchildren in Christ who have so far been only names to me.

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I think that here at the ocean's edge I feel a greater inadequacy of words than in the presence of any other of nature's majestic exhibitions. I find that I have no words to convey to anyone else the conflicting feelings the ocean arouses — the sense of being surrounded by relentless on-sweeping power, as the waves come continually in upon the rocks. And yet there is gentleness to be felt, too, because as the very edge of the wave reaches out over the rocks or the sand, if one is standing there to feel the touch, it is one of gentleness, a caress as though of love. Standing here, feeling the great controlled power as it reaches out and ends at last in the form of a caress, I feel so strongly the likeness of God seen in this, the work of His hands, in the ocean itself — for we are surrounded by the awe-inspiring power of God, power so great that no other force can check or control it; yet as He reaches out to His children, they feel the gentle caress of His touch in their lives, the evidence of His boundless love.

We came here with Reggie this afternoon because I wanted to walk again the places that meant so much to me when we lived here in 1968. Our house was on Asoka Gardens, just a block from the ocean, and many many times the children and I walked down to sit on the big rocks, to watch the waves and the sweeping foam pour in at our feet. We have stood here today, talking of many things, against the background in my mind of those earlier years and memories. The dampness of the sea air penetrates our clothes and skin; the sound of the wind, the washing of the waves, fill our ears so that we talk above the opposition. Reggie says that every morning he comes here to walk along the ocean's edge, to refresh his body with exercise, to renew his spirit in this atmosphere that provides such a nearness to God. Here, in the early morning when everything seems so fresh and both the sky and the water are pure blue, he says he finds he can have real communion in prayer to God. He looks, too, across the waters in the direction of Singapore, and feels the closeness with Chandiran

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there through his prayers for him and his realization that God is reaching out to both of them, creating a spiritual closeness that overcomes physical separation.

How long ago I learned that truth, and that spiritual closeness is the only way that all of the physical separations with which we constantly live are made bearable. I remember that when Reggie and Mahes and Lilani had come to the States in 1970 in order for Lilani to have open-heart surgery, there was such an outpouring of love to them from a brotherhood they had previously only heard of, and Reggie said one day just prior to their return to Ceylon, "Betty, I have found a kind of love here that I never knew existed." And he looked with reluctance toward returning home because he felt that the physical distance would destroy the closeness he had come to know. I tried then to tell him what I had already learned, that where there is spiritual love and oneness, no physical space can really separate. And it is so. For the past three years I have not seen the Christians in Ceylon and Delhi. I have missed the physical sight of them; but spiritually I have shared in their experiences, realizing with them their growths and discouragements and their joys and hopes, so that when the plane landed Thursday night at 9:45 at Katunayake airport and we had passed through customs to an area that allowed us to look through the glass to see Reggie standing there in a crowd, smiling his old familiar smile and waving to us, it was as though the three years had not passed but we were taking up where we left off when we said goodbye in July of 1974.

Reggie had brought Lilani and Cynthia with him to pick us up, and I was surprised to see them such young ladies now instead of the children we had known before. Both wore pretty, long dresses and shy smiles that grew even more shy as I hugged them in greeting.

The violence in Sri Lanka had gradually been controlled, so the nightly curfew had been lifted and we saw near-normal traffic and activity along the wide new highway that connects the airport with Colombo, twenty miles away. It was so good to turn down Park Road and then Park Drive and finally to the gate of No. 8 where my weekly



BROTHER REGGIE GNANASUNDARAM (ONE OF THE ENGLISH RADIO SPEAKERS; J.C. ALSO SPEAKS ON THE ENGLISH BROADCASTS.) AND HIS FAMILY: CYNTHIA, CHANDIRAN, MAHES AND LILANI.

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letters find their destination. Mahes was waiting for us at the door and I had to hug her too. We were soon seated around the dining table and — sure enough — out came the traditional chocolate cake and the cold Necto drinks that are also a tradition! We talked of so many things that night, conveying news of Chandiran and giving his messages along with the pictures and letters he had sent, and also hearing the details of the very dangerous and trying days the people of Sri Lanka had been experiencing. We were so glad to know that none of the Christians had suffered any real loss or had come to any harm, and that they had survived the ordeal with a deeper bond of closeness.

I gave Reggie and Mahes the saree and pant length that Chandiran had sent, and also the suit lengths we had brought for Reggie and Chandiran, along with the sarees for Mahes and the girls. We had remembered, too, the Doublemint gum they had learned to like in the States, and the deodorant that is not available in Ceylon, even for people who perspire profusely as Reggie does; and, last of all, the razor blades that J. C. always shares. I guess because shaving comes so regularly, Reggie was really happy to have a new supply of them. He laughingly remarked that he was down to his last pack, and that the blades available in Ceylon are an extremely scratching experience to endure every day!

We talked until after one and then went to our room for baths and bed. I found that I wasn't sleepy — evidently my hours still were not regulated so that my body automatically knew when it should sleep and wake — so I decided to read over some material Reggie had been preparing and teaching in the Friday night Bible study period. He had begun with a study of Acts but by the time he reached the second chapter there had been numerous varied questions on the subject of the Holy Spirit, so he decided to lay the groundwork by thoroughly studying that Person of the Godhead before turning aside to continue with the rest of the book. As is typical of him, he had dealt with it very thoroughly, having kept a list of the questions asked so that all of them could be answered. I read until I finished the

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material at four o'clock, rejoicing with each lesson as I saw his understanding unfold with such fullness and mature handling of the Word of God.

That is the exciting thing about working with God to plant His truths in a foreign land. You go there, realizing your aloneness and inadequacies, depending on God to bring your path to cross with souls who are sincerely desirous of knowing the truth. You see children born into the Family, and you know them first as helpless babies when their minds have only the very simplest truths of the first principles planted in them. You know them when all of the experiences of living the life of Christianity are yet before them, a huge expanse of uncharted wilderness to them because they have no accumulated knowledge of living with God. But you teach and you see their knowledge and interest develop. You see the words impressed in their minds and then with the passing of time you see the living words in their lives as the effect of the knowledge makes itself felt. In some cases, as with Reggie, when the desire to be fully used of God is there, you see the responsibilities on their shoulders increased as the abilities increase, and they grow on and on toward a beautiful maturity of manhood in Christ. For one who has sowed, for one who has watched the little plant develop, that is happiness indeed. That night, as I sat and read the lessons that showed Reggie's competent grasp of God's word, I was happy.

Friday morning began at seven and we had breakfast of scrambled eggs, hoppers (similar to a large thin pancake) and papaya, at eight. I had not had papaya or good pineapple for three years, so I had been looking forward to that tasty pleasure. Knowing that from J. C.'s frequent visits in Reggie's home they had learned of his special likes and catered to them, I did not doubt that there would be an ever-present supply of the "Elephant House" brand of carbonated fruit-flavored cola called Necto, and of chocolate cake, and papaya and pineapple. And I expected to see ice cream as a special treat because they also know he likes that, and they do too, so they use his visits as occasions when they *must* indulge in the expense of ice cream for everyone to share!

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After breakfast we got into Reggie's twenty-year-old Volkswagen and drove along the familiar streets and on down Galle Road to the Fort area, the center of Colombo. Cars are not made in Ceylon and it is almost impossible to get one imported because of the endless restrictions. Reggie had worked and saved his money to buy his the year before his marriage. He has made careful regular repairs through the years, and so it always seems just the same, even though he has at one time or the other had to replace nearly every part, and bit by bit the whole body has been remade because the salt sea air rusts metal so badly. Just before our coming, the lower third of the left front door had given way from rust, so that had to be re-built, along with some spots on the hood. So, the "tinker" took those pieces to do his work and as Reggie said, he "ran without the door and the bonnet because the classes had to go on." Even now only the undercoat of paint had been put on the new parts, so the car is looking rather patched. Reggie laughed and said in his strong British accent, "I am thinking of just keeping it like this, in good running condition but looking its age, so that in time of disturbances no one would want to damage or burn it because it would seem old and not worth the bother!"

We passed the building that had until recently housed a photograph studio where we had had a family picture made in 1968. We decided that we must have been their only foreign customers because an enlargement was made of the picture and it hung in their window until the building was vacated a few months back. I guess Reggie had shown the "landmark" to every foreigner who passed through, and even the local members kept a check on it because when Brother John Daniels (who serves as the announcer on the radio programs) passed by and noticed that it had been removed, he asked them if they would check through the things they were shifting and packing and give the picture to him!

We saw soldiers standing in groups here and there, evidence that even though the curfews had been lifted since the previous night, the civil unrest was not yet under complete control. We saw, too, the many signs of the poor economic condition of the country.

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During our past three visits to Ceylon a socialistic, pro-Red Chinese government had been in power, and each time we were there we saw with increased feelings of depression the growing "run-down-at-the-heels" appearance of everything. Prices had gone so high that the common items of clothing, foods that had to be imported, and building maintenance products had gotten out of reach of most of the people. The present crisis had in reality been the efforts of the previous political powers to undermine and destroy the new government that had just been elected through a landslide victory. They had camouflaged their activities by directing the violence against the Tamil population of the island, giving it the appearance of racial instead of political unrest. Thus, the million (out of a total population of 15 million) Tamils found themselves the targets of the looting, plundering, arson, and general brutality and killing that swept across the country. Since all of the Christians are of Tamil background, the past two weeks had been days of fear and grave danger for them. They had stayed in close contact and had helped each other, drawing strength from the reading of God's word and their earnest prayers to Him. And so they had come through the trial of fire as a much closer, stronger body than before.

At the Fort we went first to the Indian High Commission and filled out application forms for our visas. Then we walked over to the Air Ceylon office to check on a flight to India. As we feared, the flights we preferred — those going to the nearest Indian ports — were booked solid until the following Wednesday. We needed to be making faster progress than that, so we finally bought tickets to a more distant city, Madras, for the following Monday noon.

We came home and found a good lunch of Ceylonese curry and rice, and fried shrimp, ready for us. Mahes is a good cook so we all enjoyed her meals. Afterwards we took the time to play the tape we had made of Gene and Madolyn Gibson and their children and ours sending messages to Reggie and the family. The voices seemed to span the thousands of miles and to recall the happy days when we were all together. Through the years Gene and Madolyn have



A WORK ELEPHANT AT A SAWMILL ON THE
COLOMBO AIRPORT ROAD

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been responsible for keeping the financial records for the work in Ceylon, and for sending out the monthly report, so their hearts are very much concerned with what happens on this side of the world.

We went back to the visa office at 4:30 p. m. and got our passports, with the new visas. The hurdle had been crossed again!

At 6:30 we met with the Christians who were able to come for Bible study at the Ex-servicemen's Hall. Reggie had intended for J. C. to speak but I had asked him to allow me the opportunity of hearing him teach a lesson, now that he has had these years of experience and maturing. When they were in the States Reggie was asked to speak on several occasions and I had helped to supply scripture references for those first lessons, and, of course, I had listened with the pride of motherhood! But this night after J. C. had spoken briefly and aptly on the subject of "Enduring Persecution", Reggie went on with the regularly scheduled lesson on the Holy Spirit. There was no lack of the needed scripture texts now, no hint of underlying nervousness about the handling of God's word. I watched and listened as the lesson unfolded with confidence, maturity and knowledge — and though the pride of a mother for her son was still there, it was greatly overshadowed by the feeling of being equal co-workers in Christ, each doing his own part with no dependence on the other.

After the service we greeted and hugged the Christians we had previously known, and were introduced to newer ones who were known to J. C. but whom I had not met before. Everyone was asking about the children, which gave me an excellent opportunity to show the pictures in my "Brag Book". They all exclaimed over how much they had grown and changed. Of course, I enjoyed every occasion for looking at the pictures myself! (Homesickness for them was beginning to set in).

Reggie made special introductions of the two young men with whom he is working most closely: Raj Durai and Jaya Daniels. Raj and his brother are in business, constructing the steel gates that are set into the walls surrounding each house. They seem to be doing well in their business, and Raj is making real progress in Christianity.

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He is able to show the filmstrips and conduct home studies alone now, as well as to teach, preach and translate publicly. He is a young man, probably in his mid-twenties and not yet married. Reggie says that in spite of the fact that he has such a pleasant personality and ready smile, he also has a quick temper, so he has been growing and making tremendous progress learning Christian self-control.

Jaya is also a young single man in his mid-twenties who is very willing to help in every way with the work. Reggie has already put a lot of time and effort into training all of the men, but depends on these two especially as budding young evangelists. Several times in our talks he re-affirmed his hope and conviction that even if he should die he believed the work would continue to go forward through the efforts of these two men.

Saturday was the day of serious business. The man whose tape recorder we rent for the taping of the radio programs came about nine o'clock. It took some time to get all of the connections and adjustments made, but, once that was done, the setting up of the first song on each tape, the announcements by Brother John Daniels (and Jaya Daniels had come also, in case a pinch-hitter was needed), the sermon by Reggie, the closing announcements, and the last song were all done quickly and smoothly.

Of course, since we had no sound-proof room and were doing the recording in Reggie's living room, we all had to stop everything and to be absolutely quiet while taping was being done. I stayed in the bedroom most of the time and tried to concentrate on writing, but I kept finding myself listening to the sermons instead. The series this time deals with worship.

Late in the afternoon J. C. began to feel dizzy. He couldn't be sure if it was the heat (because the fans had to remain off during the recording) or if it was a recurrence of an inner ear problem. He had to leave the monitoring with Jaya and lie down. I turned off the light in the bedroom and pulled the curtains to make the room as cool and dark as possible, and he went to sleep.

Mahes and I had a good long talk in the kitchen while the rest of the tapes were being done. It is not the Eastern custom to allow a

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visitor to help with the kitchen work, so usually she would insist that everything was already done or that she and the girls could do it. The previous evening she had watched in amusement while I helped with squeezing the dough through a sort of noodle-making machine for "string hoppers". I always like learning some local kitchen art, and I finally got the knack of that pretty well, but since the dough is made of rice flour I doubt that I will be making any at home.

The taping ended at 9:30 p. m. and some very tired people were happy that the twentieth box had been added to the stack, and that that work was over for another three months. The equipment was gathered up and the men didn't tarry long over their goodbyes. I woke J. C. and was glad he was feeling better. We had dinner at ten-thirty and then everyone went to bed early, so that we would be rested for Sunday.

We were glad that the internal violence was seemingly really under control, but temporary changes of the worship times were still in effect. Usually a group meets at 8:30 in Colombo North in a hall for the Tamil speaking Christians; and from there Reggie, Raj and Jaya go to Hendala, an area about ten miles out from Colombo, where meetings are conducted simultaneously at Brother Arun's house in English and in a little open-air meeting house in Tamil. Then in the evening there is an English meeting at the Ex-servicemen's Hall, with members also coming from the other areas if it is possible. Usually there is a total attendance of about one hundred twenty five or thirty at these services. Because of the recent danger and curfews the two meetings at Hendala had been combined for one morning service. J. C. spoke at both places, with Raj doing a good job of translating at Hendala. The singing was in mixed Tamil and English, and was beautiful. I liked the simplicity of the little meeting place at Hendala, with the coconut palms and blue sky providing an appropriate back-drop for worship of God.

By the time we got home, Mahes (who returned home with the girls by bus after the worship period in Colombo North) had lunch ready, complete with the chocolate cake and pineapple! I knew that our time to enjoy pineapple and papaya was almost over so I savored every bite.

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About four-thirty, Reggie and J. C. and I enjoyed the pleasure of leisurely driving through the different areas of Colombo. Reggie took us by the shop where he has his car repairs done and we saw a "before" and "after" example: one old Volkswagen absolutely stripped down to the bare bones and being re-built; and another one that was almost ready to be returned to the owner, completely new looking. The men doing the work seemed little more than teenagers, but their ability to salvage junk and make it a valuable tool was amazing. From there we were shown through some of the wealthy residential areas and I was surprised at seeing so many huge homes. But, as Reggie pointed out, since these represented the wealthy people of the whole island the percentage was very small out of a population of nearly fifteen million. We stopped to see the open monument hall where the signing of the papers for Ceylon's independence was done in 1947. We also saw the Supreme Court building, and Reggie pointed out the shop just opposite of it that had been burned to the ground during the violence.

I asked Reggie about the prices of various essentials and did hasty salary comparisons in order to appreciate the comparative costs. These are the figures I came up with: a pair of shoes, \$25-\$45; a shirt, \$20; a saree (dress) \$35-\$100; socks, \$7.50; undershirts, \$7.50; the cheapest cloth, \$3.75 a yard; pants, \$75; a bra (Mahes had supplied this information) \$12.50; pineapple, \$2; eggs, 35 cents each; 1 pint of milk, 60 cents; 1 pound of beef, \$2.25; 1 pound of fish, \$5; sugar, \$2.50 a pound; cooking oil, \$5 a quart; bread, 30 cents a loaf; cabbage 75 cents a pound; ice cream, \$12.50 a gallon; Necto drinks, 75 cents each; kerosene for cooking, \$1.75 a gallon; a small bottle of butane gas, \$17.50; electricity per month (with no heat, no air conditioning, and almost no appliances) approximately \$30; gasoline for the car, \$7.75 a gallon. I remembered the high prices that could be paid in the States for shoes and clothes, etc., but there we also have discount stores and sales and specials, so that we don't have to pay ridiculous prices unless that is our choice. But, having lived in Ceylon, I knew that the figures he was quoting were typical of prices here. There are no "exclusive shops" or discount stores or

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sales, so providing for a family's needs is difficult.

We ended our drive here at the sea, savoring the little time of being able to share thoughts and memories and hopes. This closeness of living and working together in Christ, giving our lives in the building up of His precious church, must be a sweet foretaste of that eternal closeness we can all look forward to in heaven. We watch the sun as it is shining, a big ball of red, and as it drops without twilight into the sea, and darkness surrounds us. But I know that the same sun even now is beginning to rise where our children are about to start the day we have just finished; and I know that the same love that binds us together here also reaches out and surrounds them, so that distance matters very little.

India....September 8

We are in Bombay, and India presses in on me from every side so that there can be no doubt about it: we are almost home!

These past four days have taken some very unexpected turns.

Sunday night, after we returned to Reggie's house in Colombo J. C. and I insisted on taking the family out to dinner, since we were aware of all of the extra work Mahes had had to do because of us. We chose Celinco House, a multi-story office building with a restaurant on the top floor overlooking the bay. Both the atmosphere and the food are excellent. We usually order fish because theirs is good, and that night was no exception. While we waited for the food, the leader of the small band that was providing live entertainment came over to our table to meet us. He wore a clipped beard and mustache and called himself "Sam the Man". Most of his music was western. When he returned to the dais he sang and dedicated to us his version of "Mississippi" and an excellent imitation of Louis Armstrong's "Blueberry Hill".

The hour was relaxed and pleasant, with the sharing of closeness as we shared the food. J. C. added to the entertainment with his impromptu two-line verses that some people and situations always seem to generate. After the Celinco, we stopped at Alerics to get some ice cream. J. C. "misread" Alerics as "allergics" and remarked that he wasn't sure he wanted any of that. Mahes and the girls kept laughing about his comments while we waited for Reggie to come back to the car with the gallon of ice cream in a plastic bag. As we drove home in the still night, I felt a mental "dragging of the feet" because time was running out, and how can three years of separation be erased in three days?

Monday morning we had an early breakfast and closed up the bags and stowed them in Reggie's car. I made pictures of Lilani and Cynthia and kissed them goodbye before they left for school. Then there was one kiss for Mahes, and the words of goodbye, and we had to go.

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The drive to the airport is a long one. J. C. and Reggie talked, but I mostly sat there looking at the scenes coming into view and receding into the past, seeing the poverty and run-down conditions, yet feeling all the depth of longing to be able to stay there to work and to teach. The people of Ceylon are willing to learn, and that is a powerful incentive for people who know the truth and want to share it.

We checked through customs and Reggie waited in the lounge until we passed from view, waving his farewell. I knew that while our steps would take us into India itself that afternoon, Reggie's coming hours would be spent visiting contacts in Negombo, the city nearest the airport, and he would drive home alone in the evening after a full day of work. We felt so thankful for his energies and for his desire to be used in God's service.

We arrived at Madras and began to check about the evening flight to Bangalore, only to find that we were on a waiting list for seats. We sat at the airport until the plane left at six-thirty, hoping there would be enough cancellations so that we could go. Our time was passed in jovial comments between J. C. and a hotel representative who had often before tried to get him to stay at the expensive hotel for which he was drumming up business, and in watching the comings and goings around us. I was amused at the uniform of the airport security guard: khaki shirt and short pants with extremely full legs creased stiffly to look something like umbrellas flattened in half! They looked all the more peculiar because of the small knobby limbs coming out of such abundant pants legs.

When the departure of the flight was announced and the plane left without us, we took the airport bus into town. J. C. commented along the way that for some time he (observing that we were the only passengers on the bus) had been dreading the day when they would either raise the bus fare tremendously or would dispense with the bus service altogether, because they couldn't possibly continue to operate at such loss; and a taxi would cost Rs. 30-40, as compared with the Rs. 7 bus ticket.

We got a room at the Connemara Hotel and decided on an

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early dinner. J. C. had often mentioned in his letters that the "Steak Dianne" at this hotel was something special, so I had been looking forward to it, especially since I knew that we would not be able to buy steaks in Delhi, because beef is not allowed to be slaughtered there. The waiter brought the sizzling fillets in mushroom sauce, with sauteed onions, carrots, beans, and tomatoes, accompanied by french fries, on a small wooden tray. We ordered nan, (a thin Indian yeast bread) and soft drinks, missing already the familiar Coca Colas that are no longer available here because India demanded that the formula for the syrup be revealed if the company was to stay. As we had expected, Coke moved out, much to the disappointment not only of the foreigner in India but also of the local people with whom this was the favorite drink.

Tuesday afternoon we flew to Bangalore, claimed our baggage, and shooed off the horde of kulis ("red caps") that we didn't need. There was a line-up of taxis, and we saw our things loaded into the first one, but a policeman came up and began to talk to the man in angry authoritative tones about what he should charge to take us to the road we had named. The driver became angry, too, and would not agree to take us for that fare, so the policeman had our things taken out and put into the next taxi. This driver listened meekly to the policeman, so we got in. Some of the men standing around were called to give the taxi a push, and we shambled off very uncertainly down the road. I was still a little taken aback at the greediness of the kulis in grabbing for our bags, and at the viciousness of the arguing over the fare. The policeman had said Rs. 7.50 and the driver had agreed, but J. C. was making a running commentary to me under his breath, as we ricketed along our bumpy way, that the driver would never settle for that. In a few minutes the taxi choked to a dead stop and the driver enlightened us with, "No petrol. Ten rupees, sahib." As he walked across the corner to the Shell station, J. C. continued his observation: "See? That's what I'm talking about — how can you make any time getting anywhere when they don't even keep any gas in the tank?" The gas was brought but still

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the motor didn't start, so the driver left again, returning with a little more gas for priming. Still no life to the engine. There we sat in the middle of the intersection, two "big" Americans, with our taxi being laboriously pushed until it gasped first to feeble life then to a more or less steady knocking that held out half a promise of eventually reaching our destination.

At the home of the Gary Walkers we removed our bags and J. C. prepared to pay the driver. Very humbly he mumbled under his breath, "Thirty rupees, sahib." Obviously, all of the confusion and rigamarole at the airport had meant nothing, and there was to be the usual argument over the fare. Finally, after J. C. insisted that he would just have to report his number to the police because of exorbitant charges, the man settled grudgingly for an additional Rs. 16 and shambled off.

Gary and Kathy Walker have lived in India for three years now, working on a doctor's degree from the University of Bangalore. His field, dealing with a particular area of mental health, is one in which the government of India is interested, so he was granted resident visas to be able to complete his studies. They have one more year promised to them, while his dissertation is being reviewed.

Of course, in addition to the studies, they have worked with the church in Bangalore, establishing two congregations and working closely with them. Gary has also visited and strengthened the church in other parts of India, so that his presence here has been good. He and Kathy are two of the most serene people I have met, and it was a pleasure to be in their home. They are so calm, so unpretentious, so comfortable to be around. It did me good to see the obvious love and concern they have for the people of India, to see their appreciation of the things that are to be appreciated, their tolerance and acceptance of the problems and inconveniences that become a source of continual complaint with so many foreigners.

We enjoyed the meals at their table, too; the familiarity of American food in a foreign land, the hominess of the atmosphere with their little son, Joel (two years old) who is the center of much

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of the attention. Of course, he made my loneliness for Shannon so much more poignant, but he also gave me some kisses, so that helped a lot!

On Tuesday night we went to the home of Brother Alex for a Bible study. The living room was the bedroom, too, and was typically small and crowded. We sat in very close company, some on the bed, some on chairs, some on a low chest, and Gary taught a lesson on the "Gift of Giving". Everyone was attentive and the time of study and fellowship was meaningful. At the close of the study, we walked for a long time before finding scooters — but the walk along the narrow streets lined with little stalls and shops, dimly lit with kerosene lamps or small electric bulbs in some cases, brought flooding back to my mind all of the past years of experiences of living in India. The bags of grains in the shops, the fruits and vegetables, the calls from the keepers, the smells coming from cook stalls peculiar to such busy little streets — even the baby donkey that looked the personification of innocent sweetness as he dozed beside the path — were all so familiar, so reminiscent of former evenings and walks and scenes that I could have cried from the fullness of the sheer pleasure of being a part of it all again. It was with a pang of regret that we took a scooter and settled in for a quicker trip home than our feet would have given us. I had been away for three years and I regretted the end of this moment of re-acquaintance.

Almost the first thing Gary told us on our arrival was the news he had recently received in a letter from Brother John Chandy. As a young man John had joined his brother in the States and had lived and worked there for a number of years. During that time he was converted and had finally wound up going to the Bear Valley School of Preaching for two years, and then returning with his wife and three little daughters to their home in Kerala in order to teach the gospel to people of that area. He knew he would be working alone and that the challenge was not an easy one. He had been back in India about a year and had established a small congregation that he was trying to stabilize. He had begun the printing of a monthly magazine in the



KATHY WALKER WITH LITTLE JOEL

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local language and seemed to be newly encouraged since the conversion of a fine young couple who were proving to be wonderful co-workers for him and his wife. But, having lived in the States and having grown accustomed to the American economy, he had come back to India and had tried to live with that same standard in Kerala. Even an American-sized salary could not make this possible because "American middle-class" living in India costs more than it does in the U. S., so he was having problems. The letter that Gary had received from John said that he had decided to return to the States, leaving his wife and children in India with his parents, while he worked for a year in order to solve their financial problems. This was discouraging news to us, not only because we knew it was an unwise decision for John and his family and for the young church he had been working with, but also because we had hoped to begin two radio programs in the Malayalam language with John as the speaker. We felt that, coupled with his magazine and with the personal work he was already doing, two weekly radio programs could do much toward acquainting the people of Kerala with the message of the gospel. But if John went back to the States for a year — after that, what? We were doubtful that the new programs could be begun.

On Wednesday afternoon we took a scooter to "the cigaret factory" — a landmark of identification in the area of Bangalore where Brother P. R. Swamy lives and works with the church. From those directions, when we reached the general vicinity, J. C. remembered the roads to take us to the house where the Swamys live. We found Surodja at home and she welcomed us with big smiles and hugs as for long-absent "family". Of course, we had to have tea and biscuits while we waited for Brother Swamy, but it wasn't long before his scooter roared up and he came in to greet us.

We had been invited to eat dinner with the Swamys, and the time before the food was put on the table was spent talking about the work, the radio programs, and the response to them. I read several of the letters that had just come from listeners and their words were vivid reminders that the programs are not ending in empty air, but

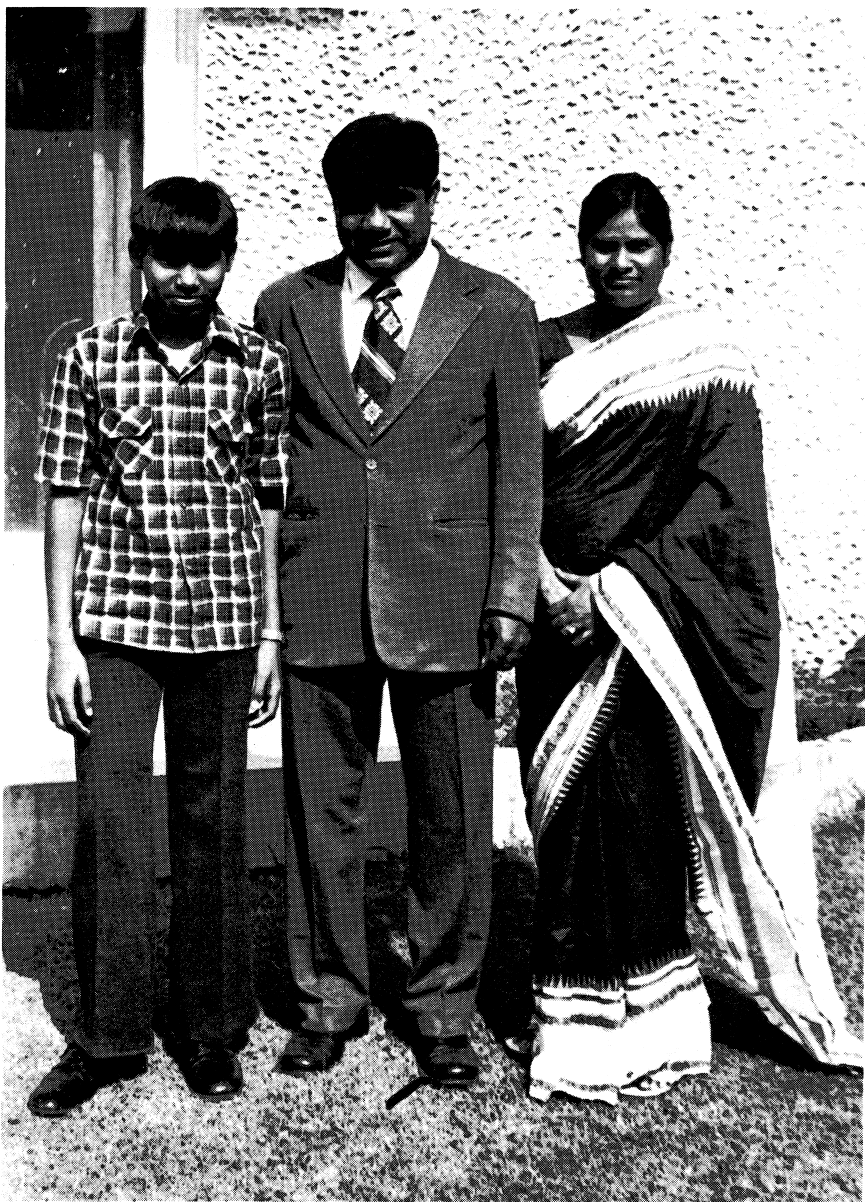
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that people are hearing them and are being stirred by what they hear.

We currently had two Tamil programs each week, for which Brother Swamy was the speaker. He answered letters with Bible courses in the Tamil language and referred listeners to the nearest Christians if there were any nearby. He also did some of the follow-up work himself, when the distances involved were not too great. With him as with the preachers of the other programs, the problem was lack of time and money to be able to visit and study personally with all of the listeners who wrote concerning the programs. India was just too big! But he and the others fill in as best they can with letters, Bible courses and other printed materials. Knowing how vital these are to the over-all teaching program in India, I glowed with happiness again at the thought that even when I can't be here physically I can help immeasurably with the work as the ladies classes and I combine our energies in providing funds to pay for printing many of these materials! How thankful I felt for each one of those women who cared, even though they could not be here to see all that I was seeing to convince me further of the need and of the good we were doing!

Dinner was rice and curry and I thoroughly enjoyed the rich flavors and warm spices in my mouth again. Surodja had not made anything too hot, so we were able to eat in comfort! True to the Indian custom, J. C. and I, with Brother Swamy and their ten-year-old son, Doug, were seated around the table while Surodja brought the food and anticipated our needs. Most often, the wife does not eat until the male members of the family have eaten.

A good number gathered for the Bible study period and we enjoyed singing the hymns together. Then Brother Swamy announced that J. C. would speak, which was the first he had heard of it! He got up though and taught on "The Victorious Kingdom" and I could tell that he was feeling at home again, glad to be teaching in the nation of people to whom he had already given years of his life. After the service I was introduced to the group and welcomed. Everybody was very vocal in their happiness to have "Brother" with them again. It made me happy to see that, even though this was my first meeting with these brethren, J. C. obviously was accepted as one of



BROTHER P. R. SWAMY, SARODJA, AND DOUG,
THE TAMIL RADIO SPEAKER

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them, with sincere love and respect. I knew that this newly-developing brotherhood and this gratification that he saw on faces when he returned to visit and to encourage was one of the strong motivating forces that kept his heart in India. In the States he is one preacher among thousands, doing work that anyone else could do if he chose to stay there; but here there was no one to take his place if he decided never to return; here his absence made a difference; here his presence was needed. But I had known all of this for years, had felt it myself, so it had never been hard for me to understand why he kept going back, even when it was not possible for his family to go with him.

Doug brought a scooter for us and we told everyone goodnight and goodbye, expecting to see Brother Swamy again in Delhi as soon as he could arrange for a seat on the train. Very soon now the arduous work of the recording would begin.

Thursday morning Kathy made a delicious breakfast of French toast, eggs, sweet lime juice, Viva, coffee and milk. We felt almost at home! After breakfast we left Mary, their helper in the house, to wash clothes while we went to the airline office to check on tickets and schedules. We had intended to go from Bangalore to Kerala in order to tape some singing for the proposed Malayalam programs, but we found that we would be numbers 25 and 26 on the waiting list for seats that day, and numbers 5 and 6 on Friday, which meant that we would probably not get there until Saturday — then when would we be able to get out? If we went by bus we would have to leave very early Friday and would not get there until far into the night, after a grueling trip. Even if we went on over we did not know if John would still be interested in beginning the programs. After discussing all the pros and cons we decided to send John word that if he still planned to make the tapes he should do the best he could in taping the singing himself, and then should come on to Delhi as soon as possible in order to tape the sermons. Knowing all that we had to do in Delhi, and how fast our time was getting away, it seemed that this course would be better than gambling on wasting a week or

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more trying to tape singing that we were now not even sure we would have need for.

The "Steak Dianne" at a particular hotel in Bangalore had also been the subject of some of J. C.'s more contented paragraphs in letters of previous years, so I was glad when the four of us went there for lunch. It was a repeat performance of 'delicious' and my only regret was that the North of India is more strict than the South about the slaughter of beef, and that no such treats could be anticipated there.

We came back to the house and packed our things so that we could take the late afternoon flight to Bombay, hopeful of getting a further flight from there to Delhi tonight. We had enjoyed so much our visit with the Walkers and it was with regret that we hugged them goodbye and I got a last kiss from Joel.

But it was with suppressed excitement, too, that we got into the two scooters that were necessary for us and our assortment of luggage and boxes of tapes, etc., and started our bumpy way to the airport. In spite of careful previous instructions by Gary and J. C., the driver of my scooter soon realized that I didn't know the shortest route, so he took the long one with J. C. following, of necessity, since he didn't want to risk losing a wife — or the tapes! When we got to the airport J. C. accused the driver of deliberately going the wrong way, but he very calmly declared that Gary had told him to go that way! Of course, he felt safe in making the claim, since Gary was not there to defend himself. I thought it was a very fitting departure, myself, since it had been so typical of the rides we had had ever since we had landed in Bangalore! I do believe they are worse about fleecing people there than in Delhi, and much more ferocious about it!

And now we are in Bombay, halfway up the coast of India, half way to Delhi, and I have been watching the comings and goings of all of the people, looking half expectantly for a familiar face. Very vivid in my mind is the realization that this is the home of one of the most famous film stars of India, with whom I have corresponded for the past eight years. When we had first lived in India

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we had seen this man in some very moving Hindi films, and I had been impressed by the fact that the mention of God was a prominent subject in the random things I had read about him. In one series I noticed, "Questions the Stars Ask", his question was, "What is sin?" The thought had come to my mind and had lodged there, that there was no real Christian in India who could approach a man of such position to teach him, and no Christian outside of India who knew of his existence. Somehow I had not been able to put out of my mind the realization that if he was sincere in his apparent love for God, and if there was even a possibility that he could be converted from Hinduism to Christianity, there was no one but us for God to use as his teachers. So after debating over the uselessness of trying to teach such an unlikely person, and trying unsuccessfully to rid myself of the feeling of responsibility, I had written to him. To my utter amazement, he had replied, and the correspondence had continued through the years, though we had never personally met him and his wife and children. True to our first impression, he is a very sincere, spiritual-minded person, and hardly ever do his letters contain a paragraph without the reverential mention of God. I have learned a lot about Hinduism through studying to teach him; and the fresh look, explaining Christianity anew to him, has been a special blessing to me. I have found that I have used the lessons over and over in teaching and sharing with other people, so I have been very thankful that the feeling of responsibility was there, motivating me to study and to try to teach.

At one time the George Bryans lived here in Bombay and Brother Joshua Gootam, a Christian from Andhra Pradesh state, helped with the work that had been begun among the Telugu-speaking people. But Joshua has returned to the South, the Bryans have gone back to the States, and very little, if anything, is being done to teach in this huge city of eight million people. I sit here in the airport, feeling the pulsing life around me — feeling the death and decay of idol-worshipping souls around me — and I pray that the day may come when these years of letters and prayers and concern

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may bear fruit in the winning of this family to Christ so that they may be the effective instruments they are capable of being in bringing the truth to many of their people.

But that time is not yet. Even the time for meeting them has not come yet. For now, the planting of seed by letter, depending on God to water and cultivate, is what is needed. And so J. C. and I wait, knowing that the time of our flight is drawing nearer and that soon we will be making one last stop — home!

Home at Last....September 9

It has been a long wonderful day. Coming in to land last night, I looked out the window and saw the huge area of twinkling lights that is Delhi. One long straight avenue of unbroken lights marked the airport road, and I felt I could almost pick out our house! How long I had waited for this day of coming back!

Disembarking, we collected our bags and got them into a taxi. I relished every mile, every familiar sight along the way, savoring to the last drop the joy of being at home in Delhi again.

Sunny David, the local preacher in Delhi, had the key to the house so on the way we stopped at his home to see him. J. C. stayed with the things in the taxi and gave me the pleasure of going to the door. Mama (Sunny's mother) and Jasmine (his wife) and Samson (his younger brother) were there and seemed as happy to see me as I was to see them. I judged by the warmth of their greetings that they had all decided I was never coming back. They came out to the taxi to see J. C., too, and told him that Sunny had gone out for a study and was probably now at the house.

Samson decided to accompany us, so everyone else waved goodbyes at the gate and we went on, hoping to be able to get into the house. Everything was dark, though, when we pulled into the driveway, and we were disappointed that Sunny was not there to greet us. Samson went next door to see if the landlord and his wife, Juggi and Bette Sandhu, had a key. Juggi and the oldest daughter came rushing over in their house robes. Bette was out of town but Juggi had the key and he let us in, insisting that we come on over as soon as we had unloaded everything and have a cup of tea with him.

While we had lived in Delhi, many, many times I had gone over to Bette's or she had come over to my house, to share a cold Coke or a cup of hot tea, or to try a new recipe, or to go somewhere

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together. We had enjoyed being neighbors, and it was good to be in her house again, remembering the familiar appearance of everything, noting the new pieces of hand-cut crystal on display, listening to Juggi laugh and talk above the sound of the record he had put on the stereo. It was as though I had never left, as though three years had not slipped away.

When we went back to our half of the duplex, Sunny's scooter was standing at the door. Sunny is not a big man — about my size — but he has a strong deep voice. When he saw us he jumped about three feet off the floor and gave a big whoop and grabbed us both in a big hug. Undoubtedly he was happy to have us back! He and J. C. settled down to a long conversation on all that had happened since his last visit and how the office work and church work were progressing. It was so good to be able to sit and listen to them, to be *here* where the action is, hearing about it first-hand instead of having to wait for a letter and missing so many of the details.

When Sunny said goodnight and we went to our bedroom upstairs, I was thankful for his efforts in dusting and cleaning in preparation for our arrival. Clean sheets were already on the bed, so a quick shower was all that was necessary to ready us for the night on the too-familiar lumpy mattress. I must say that the passing of time had not increased its comfortableness, but I suppose that not much can be expected for a cotton pad laid over plywood springs!

Our prayer had a special depth of meaning because, all at one time, I felt so close and so far away from the ones I love. Again, after three years I had been refreshed in spirit by being with Reggie and his family and the church in Sri Lanka; still warm on my hands were the clasps of these loved ones in Delhi, and I knew I was only a little distance away from the others in the church whom I had not yet seen. But the aching pull toward our children and family at home had been multiplied by the return to this house where we had shared so much time and so many experiences. Some of Shannon's baby toys were still in the closet; his rocky-horse and a little table and chair waited for his return. Outgrown clothes and some of the school papers the older kids had used were there as a silent reminder that

HOME AT LAST

they were here the last time I was here. Their rooms seemed still occupied by their presence, and my subconscious mind listened for their call. I wondered how J. C. had endured the emptiness of the house during the times he had been here alone.

Today has looked brighter because I have been too busy to think much. We had booked a call home to let the kids know we had reached Delhi and can be contacted here in case of any emergency. As before, I dreaded the call because there is no way to fore-guess whether or not the connection will be any good. But their voices came through loud and clear, and I talked to Mother and to each of the children. Mother said that they are all faring well in our absence; Darla reported on a recent phone call from her boy friend, so I knew she was happy; Steve asked information about a book order that had come in; Sheila told how brave Shannon is being, not crying at all for us; and Shannon excitedly shared the news that Barbara (Oliver: the young lady who was a part of our "family" the last time we lived in India) had been to see him and had brought him a football. Daddy had already gone to bed, but everyone sounded so well-adjusted and contented that I was sure he was surviving his new period of fatherhood without too many upsets, even though he didn't tell me so himself. I hung up the phone with a wonderful sense of relief and closeness, knowing that all was well with them and that now they were only a phone call away if they really needed us.

The Sandhus had insisted that we have breakfast with them, so we did, since there was no food in the house and breakfast to us was too unimportant a meal to go out for. After a western breakfast, Juggi rushed off to his day at the bank, and J. C. and I walked across the lawn to the house to begin our day. J. C. had to go to the bank, to the printer, and there was a back-log of office work to catch up on. I had a list of food to buy at the market so that we could begin to cook our meals at home instead of eating them out.

I went first to the meat shop in Defence Colony — well, no — first I stood outside on Ring Road for nearly half an hour trying to get one of the three-wheeled scooters to take me to the market. I

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do believe the transportation problem has worsened, and that is to be expected with the continual growth in population. Like a specter in the back of my mind was the question of what it will be like here when in just twenty short years there are twice as many people vying for the use of all the different services. A feeling of near panic and of dark gloom filled my mind, because of the hopelessness of such overcrowdedness. We, the Lord willing, will live to see that havoc and will feel the agonies of having to deal with it.

It was a bad day to go to the meat market because they hardly had anything to buy, and the smell and uncleanness were worse than I remembered. The same butcher was still there, still squatting on the floor to do his work, holding his big, razor-sharp knife stationary between his toes while he deftly turned and flipped the meat in his hands over the edge of it, trimming off fat and making the desired cuts. I bought some pork chops and undercut, paid the increased prices over those I had remembered, and finally found another scooter for the return trip home to drop off the meat and then to go on to the dry goods shop — The Morning Store — at Greater Kailash Market. Everything there seemed just as I had left it three years before: the same faces, the same merchandise displayed in the same way; only the prices had changed, and there was the noticeable absence of Coca-Cola. The owner's son offered me a new drink instead, a mango fruit juice that has just appeared on the market. It was cold, and good, (since I like mangoes) so I enjoyed the introduction and bought some for our afternoon treats and midnight refreshers.

The assortment of peanut butter, jam, flour, rice, sugar, tea, dry milk, bread, butter, etc., along with the potatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, apples, bananas, and two promising-looking papayas was assembled and paid for. The rough round-bottomed reed baskets that served instead of paper bags were loaded into a scooter and I bumped along the way home. Major repairs are being done to one of the roads, and another stretch needs attention even more, so it was a jostling experience.



THE BUTCHER IN THE MEAT MARKET. HIS WORK IS DONE WHILE SITTING ON THE FLOOR. HIS CHOPPING BLOCK IS A SECTION OF A TREE TRUNK. HE HOLDS HIS RAZOR-SHARP KNIFE BETWEEN HIS TOES WHILE DEFTLY SLIDING THE MEAT OVER ITS EDGE. -

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The first thing Sunny asked (his office and the reception room for visitors, as well as the auditorium for the worship services, are in the downstairs area of the house, so he spends a good part of each day there) when he came into the kitchen and saw me washing the fruits and vegetables was, "Where are the tomatoes?" I had looked at them and had decided not to buy any since they were such poor specimens, but I had completely forgotten that tomatoes are an absolute essential in making curry!

Since J. C. had been making these trips alone to India, he and Sunny had worked out a system on the food. The first time J. C. lost a lot of weight and he often mentioned peanut butter and crackers in his letters. They had a snack of something — anything — at the house for lunch, and in the evening J. C. either had another make-do snack or ate at Sunny's house, relishing Mama's good food, or went to some restaurant occasionally. The Sandhus insisted that he eat breakfast with them, so the physical requirements were met, more or less. Subsequent times they had the same procedure, but each time Sunny's cooking range widened a little. They had graduated to rice fried with onions, peas and tomatoes which, with the cold chapati (flat, chewy unleavened bread made of whole wheat flour) from home J. C. described as surprisingly tasty, especially when there is nothing else on the menu and you are hungry! The last time he was here, they had ventured a little into the world of meat dishes and Sunny's curried pork chops were so good that J. C. laughingly said that he was training him for an excellent job as a chef, in case of unemployment!

I had wondered how the cooking would work out this time, and I had already decided that I had not come for that purpose and would be determined to use my time in writing and teaching instead of living for hours each day in the kitchen.

I think Sunny and I both felt self-conscious today — me, because I am certainly not used to cooking with a man in the kitchen (the only time J. C. comes in is when the food is on the way to getting cold, *after* he has finished typing that last thought he had begun);

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and Sunny, because he knows that I have cooked for longer years than he has, and he hesitates to tell me what to do, even in preparing Indian foods. Maybe something better can be worked out when we feel enough at ease around each other that we can talk frankly.

J. C. has gotten out the tape recording equipment from the trunk in which he keeps it stored, and he has shown me all the features and how they are used in recording the radio sermons. Within the next few days he and Sunny will start on the Hindi tapes, and will have them finished before the men arrive from South India to make their tapes.

This afternoon I went across the street to visit Sister Rao, a lady with whom I had studied regularly when we lived here before. It had thrilled me when she wrote that she had obeyed the gospel during the time that Brother John Waddey was in Delhi for a meeting, and I had longed to visit her again, this time as sisters in Christ. When I had known her she had been very shy about associating with anyone, and her husband had voiced his surprise when he saw her coming on alternate weeks for a study at our house, because he declared that she never went anywhere. I had known from her letters and from Sunny's that she had been very faithful in attendance since her conversion and could always be relied on to help with addressing the monthly magazine, going with Jasmine to see the women who visited the worship services, and helping in other ways as she was needed. Her family had attended the services with her fairly regularly before her baptism, but afterward they were unhappy that she had left the "old established group" of which they had been members in name only, and they had tried to discourage her to the point of causing her to quit. But her conversion had been genuine, and she had continued faithfully in spite of their barbed remarks. I was "proud" of her.

When Elizabeth opened the door, it was a sweet reunion. Though her graying hair was even more gray and her less-than-five-foot frame seemed even more slight, the welcoming smile was big and genuine. She invited me in and sent Kamala, her pretty daughter, to

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make some tea. We talked of so many things, but uppermost was news of our children. I learned that Kamala had finished graduate school and was running the gamut of her first year of teaching. In a land where marriages are usually arranged by the parents, the Raos still had not chosen anyone for Kamala, and had decided to let her find her own husband. Inwardly I grieved that there was no one just right for her in the church. She is so pretty and personable, I can't believe that she is still single.

The Raos' son, Sammy, is in his first year of college. Mr. Rao, who works for the government, seems to have grown backward spiritually since I saw him last. With all of the frustration of dealing with unfairness and corruption and bribery in a government office, he badly needs the principles of true Christianity not only for his soul's sake but also to enable him to face the problems of every-day living and working in Delhi. I could see so many areas in which life would be entirely different for him if he lived it from a Christian point of view. Maybe someday he will change.

Of course, I had to show my "Brag Book", pictures of the kids, that brought both happiness and loneliness to me as I turned through the pages for them. Elizabeth and Kamala remarked over the growth and the changes, and said that they hope we will bring them all to India again soon.

The tea finished, I said my goodbyes and walked on down the street to South Extension to the David's home. At first only Mama and Jasmine and the three little girls were there, and I had hardly walked through the door and received my customary hug from Mama before she left me with Jasmine and hurried off to the kitchen to make some tea. Jasmine and I talked and looked at pictures and discussed whether Sabrina (their daughter, who is the same age as Shannon) or Shannon is taller.

I had planned to walk home before dark but Mama was so slow with the tea that I decided she had gotten as pokey as I am, when she came in with the tea tray and a plate of hot puri. Puri is a crispy soft (? — but it is both!) round piece of yeast bread that is fried in deep fat with just the right touch to make it puff full of air

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in the middle to become a tasty ball, about four inches across. I knew it is not a quick bread to make and that she had been doing double time to have it fried and before me so quickly. She knew that it is my favorite of the Indian breads, and she had spoiled me regularly when we lived here. This, with the proud warm smile, was my welcome home, and I wondered again at the generosity and love I have found in India. Always, no matter how poor the home, some refreshment is offered to the visitor — and Mama has a family of nine to cook for every day, without adding the unnecessary catering to a foreigner's whim. Her smile showed that she had enjoyed the doing even more than I enjoyed the eating — and I enjoyed that much, I assure you! It was with the greatest restraint that I managed to save one to take home to J. C.!

I was just ready to leave when Samson and his friend Sunil walked in. They insisted that they help me get a scooter since it was already dark, but none were available, so they walked me home. During the fifteen minutes of brisk exercise, I began to get acquainted with Sunil, and Samson and I broke the ice toward getting re-acquainted. Since we were here he has turned 21 and has finished college in three years; he goes part time to a secretarial training course at the YMCA. Emotionally, he and I are much alike, and I hope that we can get to be closer friends during these weeks.

The monsoon rains are continuing longer than usual, so again tonight when I washed our clothes in the old familiar bucket, I hung them to dry on a make-do line I rigged in the bed room. The ceiling fans help to dry them more quickly, and the convenience of being able to wash anytime I choose helps to offset the inconvenience of having to dodge the line whenever we cross the room. Of course, it doesn't do a great deal for the decor!

It is nearly two a. m. and J. C. is still typing on letters. I am in bed, waiting for him to decide that the day has been long enough. He is playing a tape of Charlie Pride — "The Pride", as Sunny has renamed him. The sound of familiar western music helps to complete our little island of "home" in the middle of Delhi.

From the Depths....September 10

I hope there are not any more days like this one.

I am not sure if I can explain my feelings clearly enough that you will understand, but I want to try.

This morning I woke with the feeling that a tragedy has just occurred. I felt completely bewildered and disillusioned — not a superficial bewilderment, but a deep-down soul-shaking disturbance. All the way over, no matter what I experienced that pleased or disappointed me, in the back of my mind was the refuge of thought that this was only a stop along the way and that our real destination was Delhi. It was the pinnacle I aimed toward, and everything else could be taken in stride. But now that we have gotten here, the pinnacle seems suddenly non-existent and I have had to come face to face with the realities of disappointments and discouragements of being here.

During the time we lived in Delhi I was so completely absorbed in the work that I was absolutely happy in spending our lives in it. Often I broached the subject with the children, strongly encouraging them to prayerfully give their lives doing active foreign work if they wanted to be really happy. I knew that, for myself, a life spent any other way would have been misery and worse than wasted, and I could not imagine that our children — with their background in foreign work — could find satisfaction as adults in any other way.

But today nothing seems so certain. I have looked around at the house and have seen with new eyes the pitiable excuse for furniture; nobody who wants to take any pride in the appearance of a house could feel anything but wincing pain looking at our cheap cane bookshelves and chairs, the old folding metal tables that serve as desks, the lumpy uncomfortable bed and the charpois (Indian beds: a wooden frame with woven jute “springs” and a thin cotton pad). In spite of our cleaning when we were here and Sunny’s

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cleaning in preparation for our return, the house has never seemed clean. The dust, the fumes and soot from the road, stain the floor and keep it a mess. The plastered walls crack and peel; everything tends to mold and mildew during wet times like this. The bathrooms are old and dingy and depressing; and the ever-present bucket of soaking clothes is even more depressing. The kitchen is make-do in every sense of the word, with the one-basin stained and cracked sink and its open drain, the two-burner stove with no oven, and the ramshackle refrigerator that Sunny rented looks like a first cousin of the one we rented when we were here before. We have no car, and the endless waits in the burning sun or a downpour of rain or the cold dampness of a winter wind make going to the market or anywhere else a dreaded thing looming on the horizon. With no air conditioning in the 110-115 degree heat in summer, and only ineffective portable heaters in the winter, the weather conditions are not pleasant most months of the year. In addition to that is the frustration of buying food. Prices are high, the meat market smells and is dirty and there is hardly anything to buy anyway. At the dry goods place the supply, as compared with home, is just as limited and inferior and usually dirty. Often the flour has bugs in it, the rice makes the rinse water a muddy starchy color and has to be picked closely for occasional rocks, for unhusked rice, and for other bits of trash (but I admit that it *does* taste better than ours at home). Some seasons the fresh fruits and vegetables are wonderful, but at other seasons there is little choice and even that is high. Treats like good ice cream, cookies, knick-knacks, candy, pastries, etc., are expensive, in limited variety, and so poor in quality that it doesn't take long to decide that they are not worth the cost, so special treats can quickly be deleted from the grocery list.

I sat at my "desk" and tried to work today but I kept looking out the window and seeing the poverty of some of the housing across the street, with the picture of the abject poverty of some of the other areas vivid in my mind. This isn't a pleasant country to live in. People exist under conditions that would either literally kill the majority of Americans or would cause immediate complete mental breakdown.

FROM THE DEPTHS

The even more depressing realization is that if the population increases as they predict, this is a haven compared to what it will be in twenty years. It is so hopeless and frustrating to be trying to teach in a country where the economic and physical and health conditions are so bad that there is no way they can ever be much improved. It is even worse to think of the spiritual dearth here and the warped confused state of their souls. And it will take a program of work much greater than any the church has ever envisioned to make any kind of an impact.

Besides that gloom, I have thought of my own inner turmoil, a conflict that is ever present. I love people very much, and I have tried to teach our children that same depth of caring. But always there are people very dear to me who are far away — my children or “my children” for whom I feel a real responsibility. When I am home there is peace in some areas: Daddy and Mother and others of our family are near; my children are there, J. C. may be there — but in contrast to that peace is the ever-present pull toward our family in Sri Lanka and in Delhi, the concern for them, the desire to be with them; that is worsened and I feel even more pulled apart when J. C. is away from home, too, and there is the invisible cord stretched taut in another direction. Then there are times like now when I am with these in Delhi who are dear to us, but the yearning is toward the children and the family at home, and toward the ones in Sri Lanka that we love so much. No matter where we are, there are strong longings to be somewhere else, too. I have accepted the fact that I will have to live with this internal divisiveness the rest of my life, but do I want to encourage our children to follow our pattern and to live with these same hurts? Wouldn't they be happier, wouldn't it be so much easier, if they just worked devotedly as a part of some well established congregation at home?

Coupled with this hurt of separations is the admittance to myself of the fact that already a large percentage of the years of our married life, J. C. has had to be away from home because of the work and there seems to be no date in the future when things will be different. This wasn't what I envisioned when we were married. Our own years are getting away so fast and it hurts when I think of what

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a small part of them we will likely spend in each other's company. Being in India and these other countries six months out of the year, and in and out of town on the road raising funds the months he is at home doesn't leave much time for anything else. I know he really tries to make as much time as possible for the children and for me, and I don't blame him for the lack. I feel the responsibility for the work as much as he does, and I know that it is that realization of need that leaves him no choice about how he will spend his life. But even though I understand and agree out of my own conscience and conviction, that doesn't make me relish the loneliness. Nor does it, today, make me want to encourage that kind of life for our children.

I sat here today and wrote each of the children letters of loneliness, splattered with tears that wouldn't stop falling. I know that part of my hurt has been from the subconscious awareness of their presence in the house, re-living the days when they really were here, and the conscious awareness that not only are they not here but also that our years of doing foreign work as a family are over. Darla and Sheila will be in college next year and their status as members of our family (coming and going together) will undergo radical changes from that time. Even Steve will be out of high school in three more years, leaving only Shannon at home. After that, the three of us may live and work again in some foreign field but the pulls and ties will be increased as our children are left behind and there are those three new directions of insatiable loneliness.

J. C. noticed my tears and low mood and we tried to talk about it, but everytime I came back to the questions that were hurting me most: is work in a foreign country really worth it all? Have we been so convinced of it only because we were too close and too swept up in it to evaluate everything properly? Looking at the questions coldly, were we sacrificing our lives and living with loneliness and hurt and frustrations that were a greater price than good sense would want to pay? And especially, did we really want to encourage our children in a direction that we had found to be

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personally costly in so many ways, knowing that they would be following our advice with no real awareness of what they were getting into for life?

I felt impaled on two stakes: I knew that I could not hypocritically go on with something I did not believe in with my whole being. Yet, what other way of spending our lives was greater? How could we go down from the mountain-tops of feeling a close and vital working together with God, doing work that no one else had been trying to do and that no one else would take up if we left it — how could we leave that and put our hearts into any kind of work at home? Even working with the church at home would not be satisfying because we would know that many others were there who could be doing that work just as well or even better than we.

J. C. could not answer my questions. He tried. But I am sure that nobody could have helped me today. I am afraid — afraid, because it may be that I am seeing reality for the first time and I don't want this disillusionment to be reality. If it is, I have to react accordingly. I think of the Christians at home who have grown in their enthusiasm for mission work because of our enthusiasm and deep belief in it. I don't want to take that away from them, as it has been taken from me today; yet I can't pretend a dedication and conviction that I do not feel.

So our discussions have ended with my head buried against my arms on my desk, and with the depression in my heart growing deeper because no words will reverse my feelings and give back my blind happiness in this life we are living.

Delhi....September 18

The rains continue, but everyone says they will surely end in a few more days. I am probably the only person in Delhi who feels a secret little happiness inside whenever I hear the steady drumming of the rain and the splashing of the cars going down Ring Road. Everyone has been complaining of the inconvenience, the mud, the mildew in the houses. But during all the time we lived in Pakistan it was so dry that ever since then a rainy day has felt like a cause for celebrating at our house.

While I was washing clothes and taking my midnight shower, J. C. has been working on editorials for the magazine. The clothes are dripping on the line now — the convenience of terrazo floors, impervious to water, and a line stretched from the rod of the closet to the valance above the window are amazing!

The traffic is still heavy on Ring Road. I used to wonder if it ever slowed down, but a few nights ago I wrote until four o'clock and everything was peaceful at that hour. By five, the roar of motors had become almost constant again, though, so it has been easy for us to adjust to the noise and hardly to notice it. When a thing continues all the time, it ceases to be heard, and the night I worked late I didn't notice the noise — it was the unusual calm that struck my ears so jarringly that I suddenly wondered what had happened.

Our days are too full for loneliness, and I am thankful for that. After last Saturday's misery, I much prefer running from one thing to the next than having time on my hands to cry. It was a relief that the next day was Sunday and we could get up, making preparations for worship. We had recorded a tape of hymns for use with the English radio program, so we put that on to play while we dressed. It was a beautiful distraction from thinking my own thoughts.

As usual, J. C. wore dress pants with a white shirt and a tie. We never get so formal in a worship service here that a suit is



J.C., PREPARING THE TAPES FOR RECORDING

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necessary, though he does have to wear some type of coat during the cooler weeks. I brought western clothes — dresses and pants outfits; but I bought several sarees in Singapore and I will probably wear them most of the time, as soon as I can get the blouses made. I had brought two old sarees and blouses from home, though, so it felt natural to put on one of them, leaving the pallu loose for covering my head during worship. After dressing, I went downstairs and made some toast and Ovaltine while J. C. looked over his sermon notes. We ate breakfast in the bedroom, and by that time we could hear movement in the “auditorium” so we knew the first Christians had arrived for worship.

Only the experience of working and living among a people, and being away from them for a long period of time, and then being there again to worship with them would enable one to understand how deeply I felt every emotion that morning. Hugs and handshakes accompanied the greetings of the ones who were already there as we went downstairs. Then, as the Bible class began and latecomers trickled in, quiet smiles of “welcome” were exchanged. Each familiar face was dear to me, and I looked forward to meeting the new ones. Attendance had increased in my absence, and I was thankful for that.

Joseph David, Sunny’s elder brother, taught a lesson from *Sermon Outlines Just For You*, one of the study books funded by the ladies’ classes. I was glad to see our tools being put to work, and I was happy, too, that Joseph had developed into a capable teacher. It was interesting and challenging to hear the lesson taught in Hindi and to search in my memory for the words I used to know. Many of them came readily back; some rang familiarly in my ear but no longer held meaning; and when I looked at the Hindi script in the song-book I was so sorry that almost none of the character invoked an automatic sound in response to the sight of them. Three years without practice had cost a lot.

But, oh, how good it was to hear the English and Hindi blending of familiar hymns again, to joy in the strong beautiful voices in the group, and to raise my own voice in praise to God . . . with a part

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of my consciousness always aware that nearly two thousand miles to the south, others of our children in Christ were worshipping also with us in God's presence, and that in a few hours our physical children and family at home would be worshipping too. I think there is no happier moment of the blending of hearts than in worship to God! And in mentioning these particular ones, I do not want to imply that we have no joy in the worship of all God's children — *we do* — but surely there is special closeness with those for whom we feel a particular responsibility.

J. C. spoke at the worship hour and Sunny translated for him. The two have worked as a team for so long that they do well together. I could tell that J. C. was "home" and glad to be there and that he was enjoying preaching again to the church in Delhi. And everyone was glad to have him back, speaking of him as "one of us, who is with us whenever it is possible", and welcoming me as one who visits after a long time. I think *they* actually feel that he belongs to *them* as much as *I* feel that he belongs to *me*! . . . and maybe he does.

The day ended in a downpour of rain. After morning worship, after meeting everyone and seeing the departures, I cooked lunch for J. C. and me and a blind boy from Bangalore who was on his way to a school in the North, hoping to receive special training there. J. C. spent part of the afternoon taking him to the railway station and helping him to get on his train to Dehra Dun. The rest of the time was taken up with typing his report.

In the evening he spoke on the subject of persecution, since Sunny had been telling him of the problems of some who had been converted out of Hinduism. Brother Nandan Singh was baptized several months ago, a Brahmin man living in a Brahmin community. (This is the highest caste of Hinduism, from which the priests are taken.) When he began to teach others in the community and two young men were baptized, strong resentment was shown by some. One of the young men was beaten and told not to come back to worship, but all three were there, in spite of the fact that their area is a two-hour bicycle ride from the meeting place. Even though these brethren



BROTHER NANDAN SINGH WITH YOUNG CONVERTS



WORK DAY ON THE MAGAZINE

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are of the highest caste, they are victims of the caste system: Brahmins, traditionally, are supposed to be only priests and holy men; a very few other occupations are open to them, but "acceptable" jobs are hard to find, and those of the caste who are not priests are often pitifully poor. In talking with Brother Nandan Singh after worship that night, I was impressed with his conviction and his quiet humility. When he left, the bags on each side of his bicycle had been refilled with a new supply of tracts and study books. He evidently has no intention of being intimidated by hatred or threats.

On Monday morning, while Sunny packaged books downstairs, and J. C. oiled and cleaned the tape recorder in order to set up the music and announcements on the first of the Hindi radio sermons, my inclination urged me to get an early start on the food problem by going to the meat market. But memory of past experiences of getting there before the arrival of the day's supply of meat prevailed and I waited until ten to go down and stand on Ring Road, scanning the traffic for a rickshaw. I do believe that waiting in a standing position is the most wasteful consuming of time that can be imagined. At least when one waits in a chair, or in a car, he can read or write — but standing? That's not even helpful exercise, except for the eye muscles of passers-by who look over the foreigner. I've disliked being looked at when I was dressed in Western dress and when I wore a pants outfit, and even after I have learned to wear a sari authentically! So I have decided that *we* usually look a little closer at foreigners even at home, and I try to ignore stares. That determined complacency makes standing on the side of the busiest street in Delhi easier, anyway!

This time at the market I remembered the tomatoes, so when I got home — already running late on beginning lunch — Sunny was a very welcomed helper in the kitchen. Always before I had either not had time to learn much about cooking Indian foods, or I had not had the right circumstances. Even though we had had a cook during our last period of work here, when I was school teacher for the three older children and Shannon was still a baby requiring a lot of time

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and attention, there was not much opportunity for learning from the cook. So I told Sunny that J. C. had written me when he was here about what good rice he could make, and that I would like to learn his recipes. We decided to have fried rice and curried undercut for lunch, with the chapati he had brought from home. Our first task was to chop one large onion, fry it in oil, adding a mixture of spices (messala) and salt, and then stirring in the tomatoes. After the proper amount of stirring, the sliced undercut was added and fried with the messala until just the right moment for blended flavors. Sunny poured in water, enough to make a good gravy, and this completed the list of ingredients. He covered the curry to let it simmer to a perfection of tenderness and taste. And I started on the rice. First, chopped onion, fried; then spices; chopped tomatoes! I laughed and asked Sunny if all the recipes were alike: onion, tomato, spices; onion, tomato, spices; and he agreed that his form of Indian "cookery" was an easy one to learn!

While the food cooked, Sunny went back to his "office" which was really the dining room. His desk is a metal folding table like ours upstairs, his work table for packaging the literature is the much-used dining table. I've never seen anyone who could wrap books more deftly and efficiently than he can, and he goes through a stack of mail and Bible courses in an amazingly short period of time. I guess he has to be quick, considering the number of pieces of mail that comes in each day, or he would have been literally buried long ago. Last year when he came home from a two-week preaching trip, he had a backlog of nearly a thousand cards and letters on his desk. The radio programs have increased his work in many ways besides just the preparation of the sermons and the readying of the manuscripts for printing.

I washed the fruits and vegetables and put them in the refrigerator. Fresh sliced cucumber and iced tea completed our "elaborate" preparations for lunch. While I had worked, I could hear the sound of familiar hymns coming from the "studio" upstairs: J. C. was preparing the first part of the tapes so that he and Sunny could



SUNNY, PACKAGING BOOKS



**"THE BIBLE TEACHER", STAMPED AND ADDRESSED
FOR MAILING**

DELHI

begin with the sermons after lunch. When the food was on the table I called to tell him it was getting cold. I am sure the tempting aroma helped to hurry him down to join us. It was easy for me to see that our hopes of dieting during these weeks might as well be forgotten!

But even that food was not as good as the emotional and spiritual nourishment that accompanied the meals we shared. We were rushed, usually almost running late, from one time slot in the day to the next, from eight in the morning until two or later at night. Our times of relaxation were spent at the table, talking about the church or some scripture or a problem or the recording or the schedule for the rest of the day.

After lunch we got the "studio" ready to begin the recording. The tape recorder was set up on a cane table in what used to be Sheila's and Darla's bedroom. A cane chair for J. C. sits beside it. Across the room the microphones are set up on the ironing board and Sunny's cane chair waits for him. Around the room are draped blankets and quilts in order to cut down on the echo of sound bouncing off the terrazo floor and the plastered walls and ceilings. The studio is ready — but oh how wonderful it will be when we can some day make a real studio so that recording the tapes won't be sheer torture. Remember? Our weather is still hot here, though this time of the year is more bearable than April and May. It isn't too bad with the windows open and the fans on — but the incessant literal roar of traffic from Ring Road necessitates closing every window, pulling the drapes to muffle the sound, and closing all of the doors. In this way, the room comes near enough to being sound-proof that good quality tapes can be made. But the price for the men is near-suffocation.

I helped close up the house and heard them begin as I went back to the kitchen to wash the dishes. I had never before realized what a noisy dishwasher I am! Later I tiptoed upstairs and listened at the door to be sure I wouldn't be interrupting the recording before I pushed open the door and set my offering of iced drinks on a stool. It was the traditional "tea time" and the session already seemed

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long, though I knew it would go on for several hours yet. J. C.'s hair was wet from perspiration, and the room felt smothery hot. I stayed to listen and watch as they resumed their work: Sunny speaking smoothly most of the time, but when he did make a mistake it meant reversing the tape to a good place for beginning anew; then J. C.'s working of the recorder had to be smooth enough that no clicks and breaks in taping were heard, and Sunny's volume and tone had to be near enough to what had been previously recorded that the re-taping would not be evident. It was touchy, tedious work, intensified greatly by the heat, and made even more difficult for J. C. by the fact that he had to stay constantly alert to the sermon while not understanding most of what was being said. For hours — from three until ten that first day — he sat with that job that was all at one time both boring and exacting, as sermons were recorded, played back, labeled, and put aside in a growing stack until the last song and announcements could be added. Seven tapes were the fruit of that first session and all of us were glad when it ended.

Sunny said goodnight and snapped on his helmet before he pushed his scooter out of the driveway. I heard the gate click behind him while I heated left-overs from lunch and J. C. and I sat down to eat. I knew both of them were really tired. Common sense had told me that when J. C. had made these trips in the past and had prepared eighty-five to ninety tapes while he was away, the weeks had been filled with hard work. But after living through a day of it and feeling the heat and weariness with them, feeling the wearing almost past endurance with them, I understood in a new way what went into the making of each tape.

Until bedtime J. C. worked on an article for the "Bible Teacher", the monthly magazine we publish in Delhi. I cleaned the kitchen and then typed on the manuscript for *The Death of Abel*, a precious little book we want to print primarily for gifts. The copy we have was published in 1833, in very small type, and it is a trying thing to copy it. But I am enjoying reading the story again as I type it, so the experience is interesting as well as frustrating. I am *no* typist — but



"THE STUDIO"

DELHI

hopefully I will gain some speed and accuracy through this self-enforced practice. J. C. offered to help but, sadly, the difference in our ages has at last become evident: the print is too small for his "past-forty" eyes!

Mornings are occupied with varied things: always there is work to do on articles, proofs to correct, letters to write. Sunny works in the office on his never-ending variety of jobs. All of us have an ear open for the mail. Most of the radio and Bible course mail comes to the post box, but I've used the house address for our personal mail. The postman can come any time of the day from ten to five, any number of times a day — and I find myself listening expectantly for him whenever I am in the house. During previous separations J. C. and I have missed very few days writing to each other, and I have made it a practice to write the kids each day since we left home. I naturally expected them to do the same — after all, there are three of them to take turns — but we had only two or three letters in Singapore, two in Colombo, and none since we got to Delhi, though I had expected a whole bundle to be waiting for us when we got here. Ooh! it is so *hard* to be so far from home and not to know what your children are thinking and doing!

Sheila had said before we left that she really needed a calculator in her Algebra class, so I sent her a birthday card showing a five-digit imported model: holes in the card for poking the fingers through and counting! I thought she might appreciate some humor on the first birthday that she had experienced with both of her parents too far away to help celebrate.

The man who does the art work for the books came in to see J. C. and Sunny, and while they were discussing the sketches and new ideas for covers, Bette Sandhu rang the bell. I was glad she was home, and it was so good to see her after such a long time. I welcomed her into the kitchen (really poor manners, normally, among middle and upper-class homes in India, where the cook occupies the kitchen and the memsahib sits in the sitting room and rings for tea. But she has often spent time in my kitchen in "cookery classes" in the past, so it seemed normal to both of us).

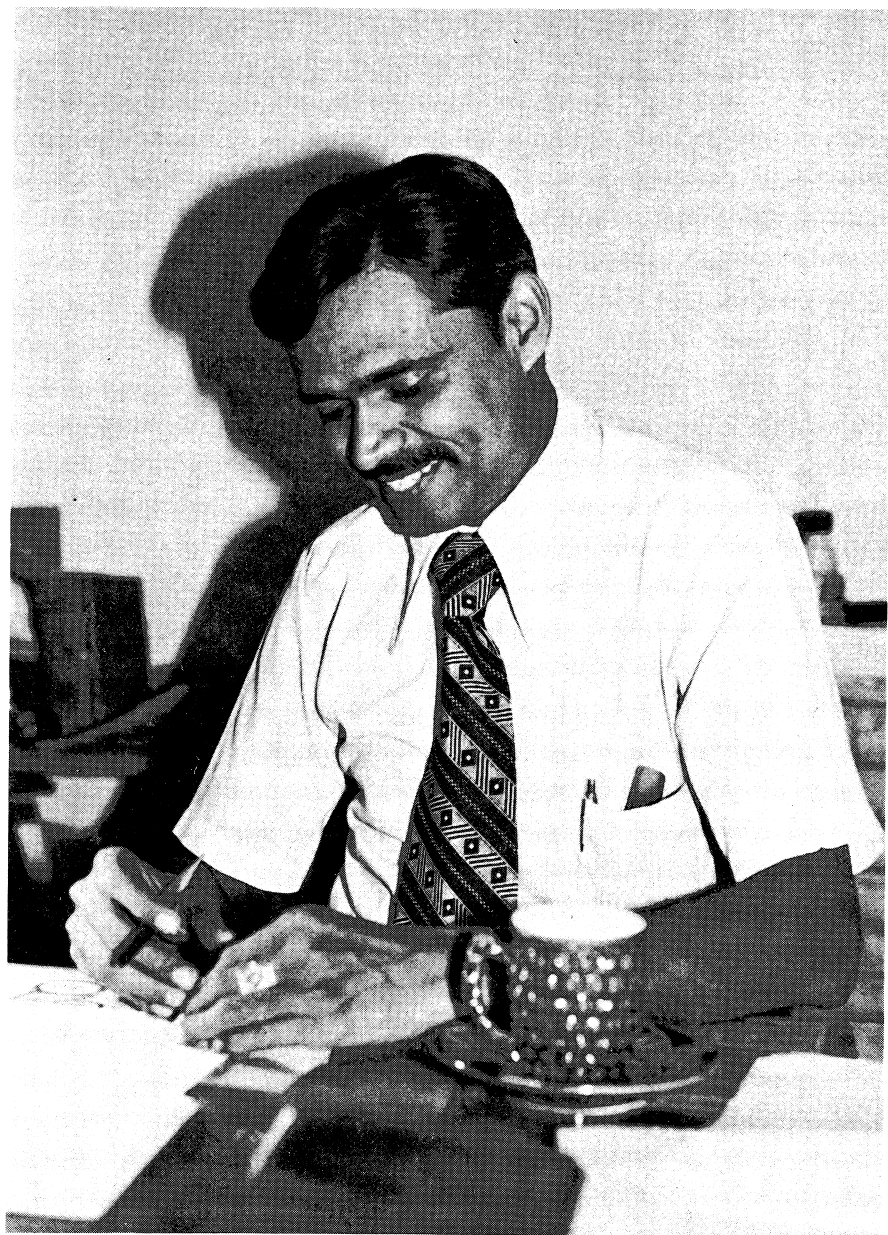
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One of the very first things Bette said was that the government of India had stupidly worked a great hardship on her in their confrontation with Coke and the resulting ban. I was amused at her air of personal injury — she said the quarrel and issues were immaterial, and she was not at all concerned about the monetary loss to the government or to Coca Cola — but she took it as a personal affront that they had done this to *her*, and that now she would have to somehow suffer the heat without the wonderful relief provided by a cold Coke! I agreed that it was a bad thing they had done to all of us!

As usual, the Sandhus had their days filled with social visits, marriages to attend, going to the cinema, and having afternoon tea at one of the social clubs in Delhi. I have found that wealthy Indians often spend the greater part of their days in social engagements and entertainment, and I think that would drive me crazy.

Bette and her sister, along with both families, had planned to go to see a film, and she had come over to ask, among other things, if we could go with them. I consulted with J. C. and told her we would try to work it in for the next afternoon. When the time came we were running behind on our work and wished we hadn't promised, but since they already had the tickets, we went. Theaters in Delhi are huge, modern buildings, usually seating 800 to 1500 people. The decor is always beautiful, sometimes lavish, and the crowds are usually "sellouts" so you buy tickets in advance if you really want to go.

This film, called "Shaque" (Doubt), had "a bold theme" and proved to be not very popular throughout the country. It had appeal to better educated people in the cities — we liked it — but the illiterate and poorly educated people could not appreciate it. I was saddened to see, in the various advertisements and write-ups, that the violence and immorality of the Western films are becoming more and more the core of Indian pictures, too. This will have a terribly degenerating effect on the population over the years because the cinema is about the only economical "escape" for the people of India, and they attend en masse, it seems.



SUNNY, WORKING THROUGH A "TEA BREAK"

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Elizabeth, Jasmine, and Elzy had asked if we could meet two afternoons each week for studies. We had planned our first meeting for Thursday afternoon at four, but the rain was coming down so hard that I didn't expect any of them to walk over. While J. C. and Sunny worked on the tapes, I decided to spend the hours writing. But at four, Elizabeth Rao rang the doorbell and I was happy to see that we would be having a study after all. I made a cup of tea for us and took one up to the men as well, and then we began. I was so glad to see from our general discussion of various truths that she had grown much in her knowledge and understanding of the scriptures since we had last studied in 1974, before she became a Christian. My watch was in the shop and she wasn't wearing one, and we were both astounded when I checked the time on the clock upstairs to find that it was already almost seven o'clock. I asked her to please offer my apologies and explanation to her husband, who is not a Christian, and we promised each other to watch the time closer in the future studies. But, oh! it had been such a pleasant three hours!

It is now Saturday night and we have been here more than a week — it seems much longer because this way of life is becoming familiar again. J. C. and Sunny finished the last eight of the Hindi tapes today and Sunny paid Rs.28 (considering his salary, that would be like an American paying \$15.00) for half a gallon of ice cream for dessert at lunch for a celebration of the completion of the tapes. It is hard for me to understand the generosity of people in this part of the world in buying things for others that they can so rarely afford for their own families. I couldn't take much joy in eating the ice cream, thinking how much more it would have meant to Sunny's three little girls.

And while I sit here and write the experiences of the past week in Delhi I wonder what our children have done this week at home. Have they needed us? Are they lonely? I pray that God will ease the way for them while we are gone.

The Sharing of Faith...September 22

Probably you have never been inside a temple dedicated to an idol; probably you have never seen people bowing and worshipping in deep sincerity and reverence before a piece of stone carved in the shape of a "god". I had read about it in the Bible, and I knew that people were still worshipping idols, but the thought caused no real reaction inside me until the first time I stood in a dim, dingy, incense-reeking temple, strewn with floral offerings, and watched with my own eyes as people prostrated themselves, faces on the floor, before the many-armed image of Shiva with the same reverence I feel toward the God of heaven. There was such a wrenching feeling of revulsion in my stomach that I could hardly endure standing there and watching.

It is a bad thing when an illiterate unknowing person has no religion except the worship of idols and following the pitiful superstitious teaching of such a system. It is even more pathetic when people with a clear intelligent expression in their eyes, who say reverential intelligent things about God, also bow those heads before lifeless pieces of stone and pray for help. I guess that was the reason I could not shake off the feeling of responsibility toward the film star in Bombay. I kept seeing myself in his place and feeling the horror of having been born into the religion of Hinduism and of never learning a better way.

I had begun my efforts of teaching by writing on subjects that would reflect the influence of Christian thought in silent contrast to what I knew the typical Hindu outlook would be. In one letter I asked about his concept of God, and then told my own feelings about God, so that he could compare the two beliefs: "What is God to me? It is hard to explain such a feeling in words — as I write I am sitting up in bed and Steve (my little boy) is lying beside me asleep. I hear his breathing, I feel him move. But we are not alone in the room. Though I cannot see Him and cannot reach out and touch

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Him with my hand, God is here too, and I feel the realness of His presence at my side all the whole day through, and everytime I awaken in the night. And the prayers that I pray are not prayers as most people imagine them, but are more like a little girl talking in confidence and familiarity with her Daddy. I know He loves me and He will take care of me and will do for me everything that is for my good. So much of the day, as I work around the house, I have silent mental conversations with Him — no, He doesn't speak audibly to me; I don't hear His voice; He works no miracles, as such, because there is no need. But through His power over all He works things out silently, and I can see His hand at every turn."

Sometimes I shared appreciation for God and His work: "Aren't wild flowers amazing little things? They grow everywhere, even under the most adverse conditions, with no one to weed and water them, and they seem not to know that anything beautiful should also be scarce. There they stretch across a hill or a valley, coloring it purple or red or yellow or a general mixture of all colors, and they are so plentiful that it is easy to see them as a mass and never to stop to appreciate the individual bloom. But when I hold such miniature perfection between the tips of my fingers and look closely at the design and detail of that tiny, tiny bit of life and then look across the covered field to realize that God has scattered that perfection in such wild profusion, I am reminded of the difference between God and us: if human hands had made just one such perfect specimen, that man would be acclaimed as an outstanding artist. But God repeats His perfection in such abundance that we count it as nothing."

Hinduism does not teach that there will be a resurrection, but rather, there is the belief that the soul (which is really a fragment of God that has temporarily forgotten it is God) is re-born over and over again, perhaps into thousands of different bodies and personalities, until finally through its suffering and self-denial, it realizes again that it is God. That realization would come usually to souls in the bodies of "holy men", and after the end of that earthly birth,

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the enlightened soul would again be re-united with the entity of God, thus ceasing to exist as an individual. With this realization in mind, I wrote, "I wish you could have gone with me to take Sheila to art class just now! On the way home I drove slowly along the roads, just absorbing the beauty everywhere. The sky is bright blue, the sun is a blaze of late afternoon glory, and every growing thing is draped with diamonds. Instead of making a solid encasement, the rain froze in billions of drops on every twig, every pine needle, and they catch the sun with a living brilliance of beauty that is almost too perfect for this body to experience . . . I thought as I was driving along that we'll have to have stronger bodies in the new world, because everything there will be utter perfection. These bodies find even near perfection greater than our capacity to experience without the joy of blending into pain. I know you have been so happy you have cried from the pain of happiness; or you have seen such beauty that your heart hurt inside with the aching inability to take it all in . . . How God must desire the day when His whole creation can be released from the bondage that sin brought into the world! How He must long to see the perfection restored!"

During the year before the correspondence began, as I had debated within myself and had prayed for God's help in my thinking and evaluation of the idea of writing, I had wrestled with fears and responsibilities that were larger than I wanted to deal with alone. The easy solution, and the answer that came to my mind everytime I thought of trying to teach him, was that no Hindu in his position could possibly be converted; therefore, there was no need to even begin to try. I am sure that many cannot know how that thought felt in my mind, because, in the feeling of responsibility to teach a person in most American communities, subconsciously there is the realization that even if one doesn't say a word to him, he will cross the paths of other Christians; he will see the gospel on TV or hear it on radio, or probably even some member of his own family is a Christian who *could* teach him. So you don't feel 100% responsible for his soul and its eternal destiny. I had no such comfort in my

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thoughts. I knew that if I listened to this easy answer I was personally deciding that this soul and his wife and three children and all others under his influence would never have the opportunity to decide for or against a belief in Christ. I shrank from assuming such responsibility and from feeling that I was personally consigning them to an eternity in hell. On the other hand, I thought of what a tremendous price he would have to pay if he became a Christian: to millions of Indians he would be a heretic, and that would cost him the popularity he had enjoyed as the "ruler of his world" for twenty years; his family and friends would be against him; he would be alone, with no ally among his peers to share his pressures or to offer him strength and encouragement. I thought of the long road that lies between birth as a Christian and physical death in Christ, and of the many casualties along that road, even in America where the pressures would be small compared to those he would have to endure. If the impossible were accomplished and he were converted, how could he face all of the obstacles and live through them spiritually? The rejection and criticism he would have in becoming a Christian would be bad — but what if he endured all of that, perhaps even losing his popularity and position in the film world and becoming a ruined man financially — what if he endured all that but was not able to continue faithfully and finally was lost spiritually as well as losing everything physically?

I knew that I could not make the decision to interfere so drastically in his life on my own authority. I felt I had to have God's assurance that my efforts to teach him would not eventually cost him everything, and yet result in nothing gained spiritually. So I prayed that God would overrule in my decision to write or not to write; that if I finally could no longer say 'no' to the responsibility I felt, God in his ability to foresee all things would look to the end of his life and that he would answer my letter only if God could see that he would die a faithful son. I did not know if I was praying scripturally or in accordance with the general understanding in the church regarding prayers and answer to prayers. I only knew that I had to have help, and that God knew my sincerity in asking for it.

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I believed that he would forgive my ignorance if I was praying wrongfully.

I have never heard of a film star, who is reputed to be the most successful and the wealthiest of his associates, personally answering fan mail. You can see how unlikely – even impossible – it would be to expect an answer to the introductory note I finally had to write because I could still my conscience no longer. When his letter came by return mail, I would have had to deny faith in my own prayers being heard if I had not accepted it as silent confirmation from God that this man could be taught the truth. I had not had the strength to begin to “meddle” in his life, possibly upsetting it and costing him a great deal, with no assurance that it would result in his salvation. But now I felt that the decision was not mine, that God knew his heart and knew that he could be saved, and I was happy to be the instrument He would use in teaching him.

For almost two years my letters were an introduction to Christian thought, and I carried the weight of his soul alone without trying to tell him he was lost or how he could be saved. Christ said once to His disciples, “I have many things to tell you but you are not strong enough to bear them yet”; I felt the same way. How I wanted to say from the start, “Life is so uncertain and we all face death. Let us compare Christianity with Hinduism and see which is truth”, but I was afraid to try to teach him too much too fast. I couldn’t let my impatience, or my reluctance to keep quiet about his lost condition, cause me to rush ahead and to bungle everything and to alienate him from the truth I wanted him to have. So I waited, teaching attitudes and concepts, but not discussing the doctrine of either religion.

How much I learned during those two years about walking by faith! I had never before been a part of a project shared solely between God and me, and I felt a deeper closeness to Him than I had ever known. Then came a time when several months had passed without an answer to my last letter. I didn’t know the reason – maybe I had spoken too plainly and had alienated him; maybe I had misread

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what God was doing all along. God gives full consideration to our prayers, but He does what is best for us in the best way, and maybe it was only for the sake of the lessons I had been learning and the people I would influence in my lifetime. that the correspondence had been begun; maybe God knew from the start that he couldn't be converted, but He knew that this was the only way for me to learn the lessons He wanted me to have, so He had allowed the reply to my first letter with that end in mind.

Along with these doubts and needs for reassurance was the knowledge that twice since I had begun carrying the responsibility for his soul, he had narrowly escaped death while flying in private planes. I had not wanted to teach too much too fast, but now I couldn't rid myself of the fear that I might proceed so slowly that he could die before he even knew really why I was writing.

Prayerfully, after several weeks of trying to decide whether to continue writing as in the past or to write plainly of my purpose in corresponding, I decided that the time for speaking plainly had come. So I wrote of my first prayers for him: "Hesitantly, I asked, 'Father, you know his heart. I have asked you to use me as a bridge for those who are looking for you. Is he one of those who would be yours if he knew of you, though now he may not even realize the emptiness of his life without you?' In answer, my own common sense argued, 'Betty, he's an entertainer; a Hindu in a world of Hindus — don't be so naive!' For months faith and common sense argued: Faith: 'You prayed for God to show you which hearts would be His; now the only explanation for this unnatural responsibility you feel is that it is from Him, in answer to your prayers — and you don't believe the answer when it comes!' Common Sense: 'He would not be interested in God. He wouldn't be willing to pay the price of Christianity. Besides, you have to *know* a person to share your faith with him. If he is to be taught, God will have to use some other person.' Faith: 'But he lives above every true Christian in India — no one *there* can reach him, and no other true Christian outside of India knows or cares for his soul'."

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My plea at the end of the letter was for him to search the teachings of Christ, to see which religion was truth. “I *know* that God would not have done for you all that He has done if He did not see an important work for you to do in this world, and salvation with him in the world to come. If, today, you would look back on the years and look for the fingerprints of God, I am sure that you would be able to see the pattern of His providential care and guidance bringing you to this point in your life. He has a wonderful purpose in all of this — even I dare only dream of the life of wonder in store for you. In the origination of his purpose, you can see that I had no part. God Himself knew of your existence, and of mine. He knew I wanted Him to use me for good, so across twelve thousand miles and among three and a half billion people he focused both of our lives to one point, and still His plan continues to be carried out. I have followed His direction by faith, not seeing the way, but in full knowledge of God’s hand in everything that was happening. To what extent you have known God and have longed for a closer relationship with Him, and have realized His influence in your life, I don’t know. I do know that the God you feel in your heart and the God who whispers to you of His love through the miracle of the nature that surrounds you is not the Hindu gods I have read about. And the life He would have you to live is not the life of Hinduism. You believe (perhaps) those concepts only because you were taught them from birth. If you had been born to Muslim or Buddhist or Sikh or Christian parents, your beliefs would be entirely different simply because you would believe what your parents had taught you. Rajinder, have you thought of this: if Hinduism is right then you have a million lives to prepare for non-existence. But if the Bible is true, you have *only this one* life to prepare for eternal life with God or for hell without Him. You can learn which is right in one of two ways: by *searching for the truth*, which will be evident to an honest heart; or by passing through the gates of death to the beyond and finding out by experiencing that reality. But, Rajinder, if you find *then* that Hinduism was wrong

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there will be *nothing* you can do. And, Rajinder, think of your children. If Hinduism is right they are not yours any more than they might be mine, because in some future birth they might be born to me. But if the Bible is true, with their births you and Shukla brought into existence three entirely new souls who will pass through life only once on their way to eternity — and they are your full responsibility. Don't you owe it to them to at least *know* that what you are teaching them is the *truth* and not merely tradition? And if you love Shukla, don't you want to make *sure*, as head of your family, that you are leading her in the right way?

“Rajinder, I would warn you of two dangers: first, God will not *force* you to be His. You can choose to accept His love and purpose in your life, or you can close your heart to Him. If you do the latter, He will not force His way in. Secondly, Satan knows that you know now what is being done for you, so his struggle to harden your heart to God will become more intense than ever before . . .”

I wrote the letter, but I was afraid to mail it. How would he react to such a letter? Would he understand my sincere plea for searching for truth, or would he feel only alienation toward a bigoted, proselyting Christian? Was I being premature in sharing what I believed to be God's work in our correspondence, and the purpose of it?

Again, I felt I had to have help beyond my own ability to know, so I promised God that I would hold my letter for a week — enough time for his long overdue letter to come; if it had not come by that date, I would put mine in the mail. From that point it would be in God's hands: if He did not want him to have it even after I mailed it, I depended on its being lost in transit; but if it was time that this knowledge be shared, I asked God to preserve the letter and to see to its delivery into his hands. With all of these safeguards, I felt that coincidence could not possibly overrule to make all of them work together, and that if he did receive the letter it would truly be because of God's will.

The week passed with no letter, so I mailed mine as I had planned to do. The next day his letter came. The postmark on the

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envelope showed that eight days had passed from the time it was written until it was mailed, a delay that had not happened before, nor has it been repeated since. I waited impatiently for the return registration card to come back and was gratified rather than surprised when I saw his own signature on it. The only other letters he had personally signed for during our two years of correspondence were the first one and two others that had been of particular importance.

I was confronted again with the evidences that surely God's hand had to be providentially directing all that was happening. But a "practical" part of me cautioned: "Betty, don't be so totally convinced that he can be converted. You know how almost impossible that would be — and what would happen to your faith in God's answering your prayers if he died lost?" The believing part of me countered with, "But what has already happened to your faith in His answering your prayers if you have repeatedly asked for confirmation and assurance, and He has repeatedly given it, and yet you doubt?" If, knowing God as I do, it is taking me so long to grow up in my own faith, what amount of time will be needed to build an unwavering faith in a Hindu heart?

In his answering letter, he agreed that he was Hindu by birth only; he said, among other things, that he belonged to God and not to any religion. I was relieved. At least he had discussed some of the questions I had raised, and he *had* answered the letter, so my frank admission of my purpose in writing had not alienated him. I would have time for further teaching.

Six years have passed since then. They have been a trial of faith, of patience, of endurance and a learning of many lessons. Sometimes for long periods no letters were exchanged, and it was only later that he wrote of the discouragement and depression in his work that had caused him not to want to write. By that time I had decided that the positive lessons in Christian thought and Biblical doctrine were not enough, and that if I was to continue with the correspondence, I would have to begin contrasting the two religions. I had grown weary with the effort, and with seeing so little progress.

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So many times the thought was in my mind: "Just don't write any more. He can't be converted." But the answer was always there, too: "Think back over your letters — they couldn't have been pleasant for him to read, since each one has been a lesson on some spiritual point, and an attack on the religion he has practiced all of his life. Why would he continue a correspondence for so many years with a stranger, a pestering preaching woman, unless there is a purpose yet to be fulfilled?" I could not make the decision against his soul.

For the past year he has written more often than before, and more than ever before he has discussed the two religions in answer to the things I have written. He agrees that God is the one responsible for our correspondence and he has asked that I pray for him in his search to find himself. I try to put myself in his place, to feel the pressures of being so well-known and realizing that everything done will make headlines; I try to imagine the strength I would have to have even to seriously study Hinduism with the thought haunting my consciousness that I might find it to be the truth and then I would have to leave the religion I had loved all my life to take up that one that would yet seem strange; I would have to hurt my family (because probably few of them would ever be convinced) and my friends and all of the people who knew me as a Christian. Oh, that would be such a hard thing to do! So I can empathize with him, even in his dragging his feet in learning. It would be so much easier — for now — not to learn and have to decide for or against. But I think, too: if my confidence in the Bible ever cracked the slightest bit, my conscience would plague me until I accepted truth, whatever it proved to be, at whatever the cost, because I have to believe in what I live for. And if that first real break can be made in Hinduism and replaced with truth, I believe his conscience will demand that he search to the finish, too.

Since J. C. and I have gotten to Delhi he has written, asking us to plan to visit them in their home for a few days during this time we are to be in India, but there would be no purpose in it because I know that he is not yet far enough along for a personal encounter to

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be preferred over the studies through letters. Written lessons have the distinct advantage of providing time for me to carefully prepare what I want to teach, and he also has the time to reflect on what has been said.

In his letter he also wrote that he would be sending some books and that he hoped I would like them. During these years I have built a small library of books in his home: the *Bible*; *Jesus, His Story*; *Why We Believe The Bible*; *Two From Galilee*; *Evidences That Demand a Verdict*; *In Search of Noah's Ark*; *None of These Diseases*; *The Day Christ Died*, etc. So I guess it was time that he return the favor by sending a defense of Hinduism.

To be frank, when the books came, I looked at them with mixed emotions: I dreaded reading them because I was not sure I would be able to answer the teachings they contained; yet I was happy to have them because I knew that there are so many varied beliefs in Hinduism that the lessons that are needed cannot really be taught unless one knows the particular doctrine the person follows. Holding the books in my hands I admit that there was a feeling of revulsion — Satan's teachings in my hands! Yet these were the very tools I had to have if he is ever to be converted. So I am thankful that he sent them.

I won't have time to read closely enough to begin teaching from them until after we go home, but I have skim-read some, just in preview. The other night I was reading while waiting for J. C. to come to bed, and he suddenly asked, "Betty, why do you have such a sick expression on your face?" I hadn't realized that I was mirroring the feeling in my stomach. How sad it is that the masses of the people of India follow such doctrines — and how much sadder still that these books were printed in America by a large publishing company and that the "holy man" who wrote them has enjoyed wide success in converting people there to his doctrines. Yes, I have cried over it, because almost everything that is taught is so contrary to truth that in order for a person, whether American or Indian, to really follow such doctrines his mind would have to be almost permanently warped. The one point that is continually made is: you

THE SHARING OF FAITH

are God; bow to yourself; worship yourself; you are God.

This is what I wrote: "When your books came, and I read your letter saying that these are 'the message of my guru, the spiritual guide', and I saw the picture of your guru worshipping at the feet of his guru, and I read his dedication of the book to his guru, which said, 'to him who is my supreme object of worship,' when I knew that according to this teaching you bow that head that is made in the image of God and worship a man, I cried, out of the deep grief of the soul that I have felt so many times for you. Yes, I knew that the heart of Hindu teachings is that man is God, usually unrealized, but God just the same. But you have never written like this in your letters. Over and over you have spoken of God only in the third person — 'He' — you have talked of 'His will' — you say, 'May God grant this or that' — this is the language of Christianity, not really the language of Hinduism. So, as I have read closely, carefully, your references to God through the years, I knew that your words were saying the same thing I believed. Why have you not chosen your words more carefully and written more precisely what you believe, so that there would not have been this incorrect communication? . . .

"Through the years just writing to you what I had been taught was not enough; I have written nothing that has not been analyzed and questioned and dealt with objectively, so that it passed the test of truth and accuracy, as far as my mind was capable of testing it. I have also written only what I practice in my own life as a daily system of living, because if the "theories" cannot have daily practical application in my life — if I don't know from my own practice of them that they are the right things — how can I expect you to find in them the answers to your need for direction? You have sent books for me to study as my guide. Tell me, Rajinder, do you practice all of the teachings you have recommended to me? Do you know from your own experiences and life that each thing taught in these books is right? Have you first studied these doctrines critically, objectively, carefully, being unwilling to risk guiding my soul in the wrong way by unproved teachings?

LET US GO AGAIN

“I think you have not. I think the reason you have never really sounded like a Hindu is that you give mental assent to a guru because that is the expected thing. Some of his words are repeated by you, even some abstract “truths” you think you believe; but I think that basically what he says are only words in your head — they are not part of your make-up. I think you write of God only in the third person because He is real to you only as a separate entity. I think you can’t really bring yourself to believe that you yourself are actually God any more than I could. Do you remember what I wrote about the fact that we are made in God’s image, and that there is the realization of inherent truth within us? That realization that is given to every man cries out to a Higher Being and seeks for the One worthy of worship. This is such a basic part of man that it is universal — and, even here in India, where the ‘holy men’ have preached repeatedly and endlessly for centuries, ‘You yourself are God,’ how many of the whole population have been able to overturn the inherent truth within them so that they could believe themselves to be gods? (only the ‘holy men’, which would be too small a percentage to even count; the rest of the people worship a guru or idols or both.) Have you? I think not.”

I sit here tonight, thinking back over these years, wondering how the years ahead will develop. I know that they will not be easy: spiritual growth is almost always painful. But it has been a long time now since I doubted their outcome. There have been too many repeated undeniable evidences of God’s overruling. In our own experiences with teaching people, I have not known of a person for whom more obvious work on God’s part has been done. No, I am not saying that God has predestined this man to be saved, or that He has shown partiality in bringing the truth to him. God works, I believe, according to the love in a person’s heart and according to His ability to foresee what the ultimate reaction will be. What the person will do with the truth must bear some weight, too. I cannot believe that so much would have been done for him unless God foresees that he will be a valuable instrument in teaching the people

A TYPICAL HINDU "HOLY MAN"



THE SHARING OF FAITH

of India. But in order to weather the pressure, the attacks, the prejudice, the hatred that a public stand for Christianity will bring to him, he will have to be so thoroughly convicted on every point that there will be no room for any doubt, no thought that there is any way to walk except forward even though that way will be filled with obstacles. I pray for him, that he will have the strength that is needed to face the decisions and the difficulties of the years ahead.

Change of Heart....September 24

It was two weeks ago today that I had such a low day, facing “reality” and making new evaluations of our life in mission work. I remember how I hated the thought of having to share those feelings with anyone else — but my abhorrence of hypocrisy demanded that I be as honest about that as I had been about my other feelings.

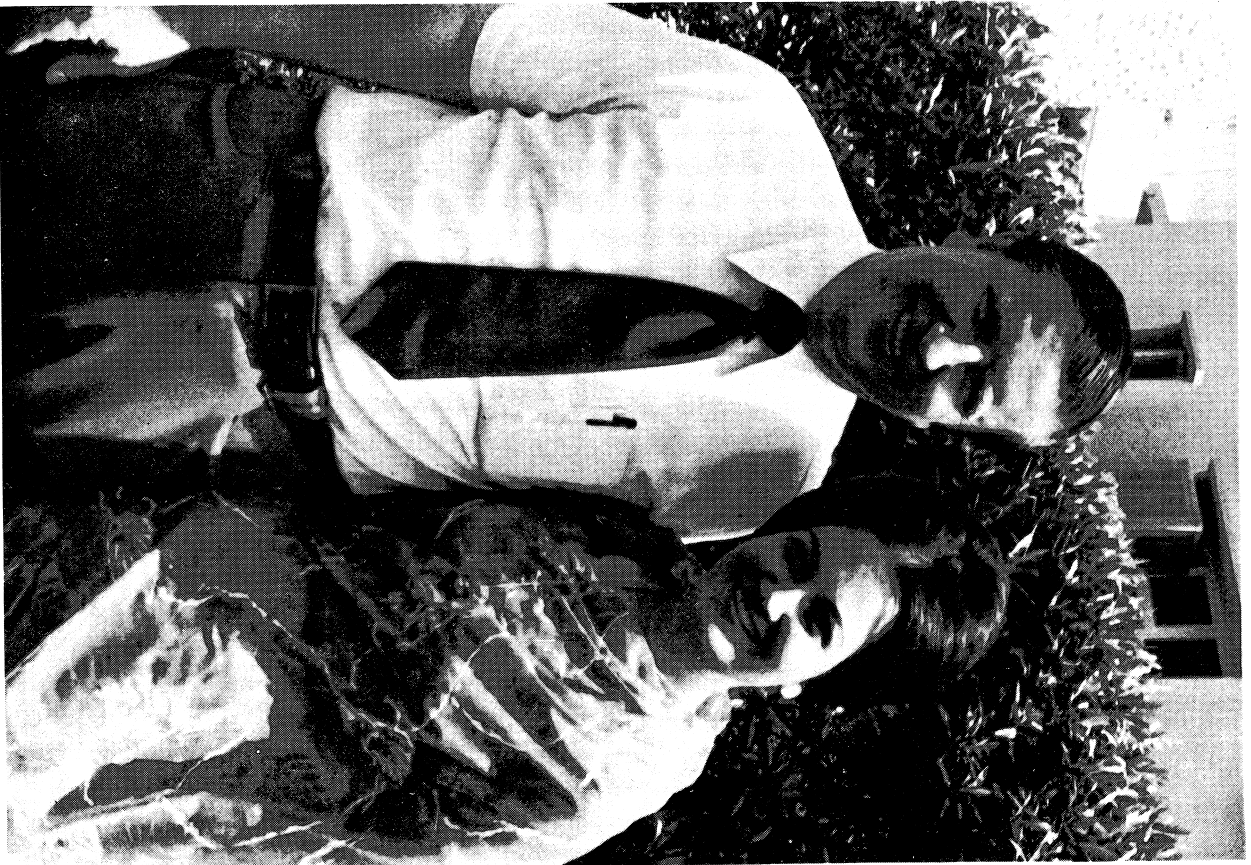
I am glad now that I wrote that part of the story as bleakly as I felt it. Surely, anyone reading that chapter would have to admit that no trace of “romanticism” concerning mission work remained in my thinking. No one would say that I believe in mission work because I see only what I want to see. On that day I admitted every negative point and faced up to a reality that I hated to have to acknowledge.

So, I’ve been to the bottom of the valley, honestly, and if I am not there today it must be because there is overwhelming reason not to be.

These two weeks have been packed to overflowing with all that is “mission work”: with being with “foreigners”, both the saved and the lost, with coping with “make-do” facilities and with cultural differences; with work that demanded sixteen to eighteen hours a day for both of us — and oh, how wonderful it has been!

What caused the change of heart? I’m not really sure; it happened so gradually, while I was too busy to notice.

I see the Christians who gather for worship; I listen to their comments in Bible classes and realize how they have grown in knowledge; I look closely as they greet each other and I see a depth of love and the bond of a brotherhood that is developing into real strength. I see the books that are being printed and sent out each day, and the steady flow of letters coming in; I see the growing stack of radio tapes, assuring that the lessons will continue to go out over India for another three months; I see the potential of what *can* be done



CHANGE OF HEART

here in the years to come, if we will only continue with the work. I know all over again that, for us, there would be no other life worth living, no other way that we would want our children to spend their years. Whatever it costs in loneliness or sacrifices, that cost cannot be greater than the pure happiness and satisfaction of *knowing* that this one short life we have to live is being lived in the very choicest way possible.

I thank God tonight that He has allowed us the special privilege of being His voice here in Delhi.

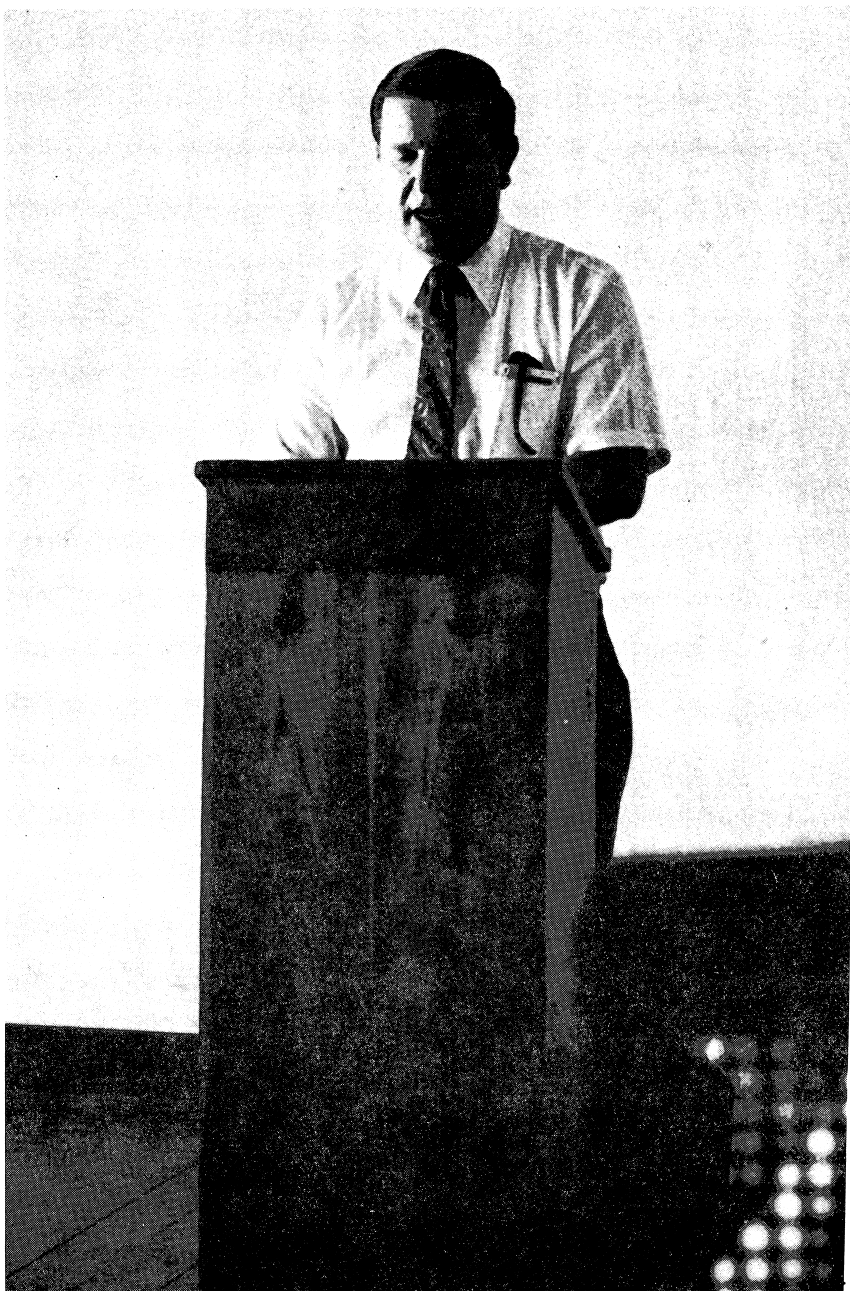
Running Late....September 25

Where does the time go? All week we have run from one thing to the next, just trying to keep up with the schedule. Both J. C. and Sunny have made frequent trips to the post office, sending out the packages of books and materials and Bible courses, as well as picking up the bundles of mail that come in. I enjoy reading the letters, just to see for myself the response to the radio programs and the requests for the books.

J. C. has also buried himself with preparing some manuscripts to turn over to the printer, writing articles for the magazine and re-typing them — he could do so much more here and at home too if he had a secretary and didn't have to do all of this retyping himself. He writes many letters every day, too, trying to keep up with correspondence from home as well as on this side of the world. I know that all of these things, as well as study in preparation for sermons, do not take much time in the telling, and they don't make exciting reading. They don't make particularly glamorous, exotic living either. So much of foreign work is like work anywhere: time-consuming, nose-to-the-grindstone routine. But work here does take on a grave importance because there are not fifty or one hundred other preachers in Delhi duplicating what he is doing. How wonderful it will be when the church is more widely established in India.

Last Sunday J. C. preached in the morning on "The Power of Example" and in the evening on "What This Country Needs". Both sermons held a freshness because the Christian outlook is so different from the Hindu one that is so prevalent everywhere. One thing I like about living here is that I am enabled to see the word of God in a new light, as it shines in contrast to the religions all around that were created by men.

In the afternoon Samson David brought over a friend that he had asked me to study with. Sunil is a polite young man, the president



J. C., AT HOME AGAIN IN DELHI

RUNNING LATE

of the youth fellowship group of a nearby denomination. Samson has been studying with him for sometime, and we also had a good study. I took a piece of paper and asked him questions about his beliefs and about the church he is a member of: its name, when it was established, who was its founder, what he had done to become a member of it and to be saved; how they worship, their organization, etc. In a parallel column I wrote the scriptures as we looked up the ones that answer those questions about the church. Occasionally as we talked Samson would speak up to help explain a point and I was glad to see both the earnestness in his desire to teach his friend and his good grasp of the scriptures. He has matured so much in my three years' absence.

Also, occasionally, either Samson or Sunil would half-apologetically ask me to repeat some word until they understood what I was saying. I could tell that they were enjoying the oddities of my Southern accent, but I've almost gotten used to that!

Sunil agreed that the things we studied made sense. Some of them he wanted to ask his "pastor" about, and he promised to read the scriptures closely before coming for another study.

Because I wasn't familiar with the doctrines of the particular group of which Sunil is a member, I asked J. C. if he knew what they taught. On a number of important doctrinal points Sunil did not know, but he was sure that it would be whatever the Bible taught. I was just as sure that the agreement wouldn't be there, and I was so glad when J. C. recalled that in two earlier issues of "The Bible Teacher" he had reviewed a tract written by their preacher. When Sunil returned on Friday evening for further study, we read the articles together and he readily admitted the error in the teachings. I believe that he is sincere and that he will eventually obey the gospel, when he has had time to weigh the truth against the prestige and worldly "security" of the denominational group in which he and his family are respected and important members.

Sunday night we took Sunny and Jasmine to the Hong Kong restaurant for what has become the traditional celebration of the

LET US GO AGAIN

completion of the tapes. We had a good time talking about a little of everything and enjoying the flavor of good Chinese dishes. Jasmine's favorite is chili fried chicken, and we let her have most of it because it lived up to the promise of heat in its name.

The ladies and I had agreed last Sunday that we should set the time of our Tuesday afternoon meeting at three-thirty instead of four, to allow more time for study, and all three arrived on time. We discussed some possible subjects and decided that we should begin with a review of the Holy Spirit, because both Elzy and Elizabeth have relatives who are Pentecostal in their beliefs and they thought they needed a clearer understanding of the whole subject themselves. I had been doing quite a lot of studying in that area in recent months so I felt somewhat prepared to give at least a summary of what I had learned. Even with our extra time, it seemed that we had hardly begun before five o'clock had arrived and Elzy was already late for reporting for her nursing duty. We decided, before everyone went home, to meet at three on Thursday.

There was barely time to finish the dishes Thursday before the ladies came. We had our second study on the Holy Spirit, covering the scriptures from John 14 through Acts and I Corinthians 12 and 13, Romans 8, and other related passages, discussing His work in the first century, the use of miracles in both the Old and New Testaments, and the "more perfect way" that replaced miracles. Five o'clock came so soon — and Elzy had to rush again. I am sure she was beginning to feel like Cinderella before the midnight gong — and when we decided to set the time up to two-thirty the next Tuesday I wondered if we were not like the little pig trying to get ahead of the wolf!

On Tuesday there wasn't time to do the dishes before I had to hurry over to Elizabeth's where we had planned to have our class. We studied the work of the Holy Spirit in our lives today, how He strengthens the inner man, how He intercedes for us when we cannot find the words, and we went over a number of related scriptures that I found in a helpful chart in the library of the church. Five o'clock again came so soon.



BUSINESS MEETING OF THE CHURCH IN DELHI



A FELLOWSHIP OF THE CHURCH IN DELHI

RUNNING LATE

When I got home Sunny had very thoughtfully washed the dishes, and I appreciated that because I knew he was taking time to help me that he needed to spend on other things. But the whole day had been one hectic rush and I was already tired, just thinking about the work still to be done in the evening, so it was a pleasant surprise to come home to a clean kitchen. In so many ways I have found that Sunny is not like the typical Indian. Here, because of the rigidity of caste through the centuries, a man who is trained to do one job will not do work that is "beneath" him, for fear that he may be "demoted" to that work, and also because of a degree of pride. No cook, for instance, would mop the floors or take out the garbage because that is the sweeper's work, and he would fear being categorized as a sweeper. Never would you see the owner of a store in India taking the groceries to the taxi for the customer — a kuli does that work, and nobody else. The manager of a service station does just that — he would never wash the windshield of the car. But though Sunny has respect for himself, he is not proud, and he has repeatedly shown his willingness to do any work that needs to be done. I know that, to a great degree, this attitude is the effect of Christian maturity.

One day, while lunch was in the process of being prepared, we were talking about the time when we had first met, when Sunny had first begun attending the worship services. He told me of the work he was doing in a religious book store at the time, and of how much his boss had liked him and his work until he began worshipping with us. It wasn't long before a transfer was being discussed along with enticing increases in salary in order to draw Sunny away from the church. But when he obeyed the gospel instead, problems began.

Almost from the first week of his conversion, J. C. asked Sunny to translate his sermons for him because some of the people attending worship had a poor understanding of English, and there was just no one else to translate. Sunny told me that he had never tried that before, but he was determined to do it, and to do it well. He succeeded, because we did not even detect that he was a novice!

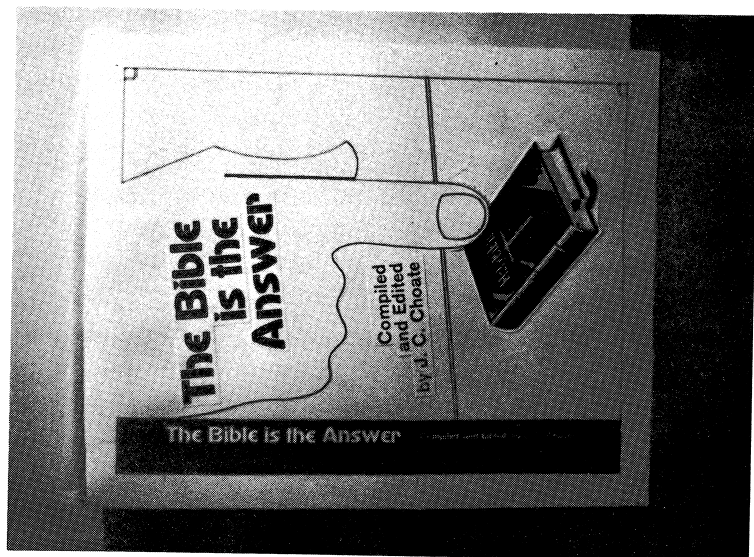
LET US GO AGAIN

That was early in 1968, when the church in Delhi had hardly begun to breathe, it was so young. We were trying to get some materials printed in Hindi, but there had been nobody to translate the work; now there was Sunny, so J. C. gave him four tracts as a start. In our remembering those days, Sunny said that he had never tried to translate written materials either, but he enjoyed it so much that he worked until late every night so he could get them done and back to J. C. quickly. He had understood the confidence being placed in him, and that gave him the determination to work hard to justify J. C.'s belief in his ability. He said that no one had encouraged Indian Christians to develop as J. C. had done, insisting that they baptize new converts, giving them the responsibility to preach and build the work, making it possible for them to speak over radio programs to their nation, printing their sermons and other writings so that they could be made available to their people. I had not thought of the work from that viewpoint — I guess I had just seen us all as Christians, each one doing what he could — but I could easily see that this trust J. C. had in him to rise to the need, and the opportunities he had placed in his way, had been the determining factors in Sunny's development as a preacher and a Christian. Knowing that meant a lot to me.

J. C. finally finished adding the announcements and closing songs to the thirty Hindi tapes. Then he played all thirty of them through, noting the time they filled, and cutting them down when necessary to exactly 14 minutes 30 seconds, and now they are ready to take to the radio station. The other men will be here in a few days to begin on their sermons. In the meantime he is covered up with materials to proof read. If you have never done any of that work, you probably wouldn't be able to appreciate what a slow, tedious process it is. Instead of skimming, as I often do in reading, every letter of every word has to be noted carefully, and the spelling, punctuation, scripture references, capitalization — everything — has to be checked, with errors clearly marked and corrected. Every manuscript has to be proof read at least twice and maybe three times.



THE MANUSCRIPTS FOR J. C.'s RADIO SERMONS
FINALLY COMPLETED AND READY FOR RECORDING



ARTIST'S PROOF FOR A NEW BOOK COVER

RUNNING LATE

If you would like a better idea of what those hours of work hold for him, select three or four religious books of 100-150 pages, scrutinize them as closely as I have described, then go back and do the same thing again, and maybe again, if too many errors were found in the second proof. You can understand how whole days could be filled in this way — with work that no one back home would even realize was being done.

And sadly, while he is struggling through several books, against a short deadline from the printer, some brethren back home are picturing him as having a high time on a big vacation at the expense of the church. I can tell you, because I have been here and have seen, that others may deliver as much work for the investment as he does, but I think no one could deliver more, and I know that no one would work harder or more conscientiously at it than he does. Even with his wife here where we have the opportunity to have a real honeymoon of a vacation, both of us have done very little besides work! Why? I won't say that I haven't wished to do more in the line of entertainment together, but there just isn't enough time. In the years that we have lived in India we have never gone to a musical performance of the local instruments being played; yet one really should take advantage of the cultural opportunities of living in a big city like Delhi. So we had promised each other this time that one evening we would go to see a sitar-tabla performance, at least. But we haven't. There just aren't enough days. And we have never seen the widely famous "Sound and Light Show" at the Red Fort — again, there was no time.

On Thursday the ladies came early and we made puri and spiced potatoes together. They were teaching me how, and we had fun with my attempts to roll round puri instead of squared ones with corners. When we had finished our cooking lesson we took samples to the men and sat down with our handiwork and a pot of tea and studied until Elzy was almost late again. Jasmine stayed afterward and helped Sunny correct Bible courses.

We had been invited to Joseph David's house for dinner, so we

LET US GO AGAIN

walked the half mile to Sunny's house and got a taxi there to go to Joseph's. I had not realized that they live so far out, but I saw miles and miles of Delhi that I had not known existed. When we got to the new housing development where they have bought a small house, the taxi driver readily agreed to wait without extra charge so he would not have to go back empty.

The electricity was off, which was reminiscent of the on-again-off-again experiences we had had the last time our family had lived in Delhi when the current had been off so much. We sat on their little front verandah and talked for an hour or so, and then went in to a wonderful meal of Indian dishes that Mama and Madhu had worked all afternoon to prepare. In typical Indian fashion, the men, the Davids' little girl, and I ate at the table, and Mama and Madhu served. The woman of the house almost never eats with her family, a custom I would not like, because some of our best times of togetherness as a family are around the table.

By the time we got home that night the taxi meter said Rs. 45. That would be a tremendous bill for an Indian to pay, so you can see why Indian families find it difficult to go anywhere. Few have cars, they cannot afford to go far in a taxi, and a motor rickshaw will take only two adults, so a family can't go in that. The only alternative left is the bus, and they are so absolutely packed that it is amazing to me that anyone gets out without being smashed or trampled — and I would hate to try getting a family of several children on and off. But Joseph and Madhu and Pearly walk half an hour each Sunday morning just to get to a bus stop; then they ride the bus for an hour or an hour and a half to get to worship. I think that is dedication of a kind rarely found even among American Christians. Remember my earlier statement about our superior attitude and our feeling that there's not really much need of taking the gospel to foreigners because they wouldn't ever do much with it anyway? How many Christians do you know who would be the first ones at the meeting house each Lord's day if they had to travel the Davids' route to get there?



J. C. AND SUNNY BRAVING DELHI TRAFFIC
ON SUNNY'S SCOOTER

RUNNING LATE

On Friday we took the tape recorder to a repair shop because one of the speakers was not working properly. It is so vital to the work that I could understand J. C.'s obvious anxiousness about it while it was out of his hands, but I was surprised because I had not seen that edginess in him before. It was almost as though he had entrusted his baby in a stranger's care and he was counting the hours until he could reclaim it!

And, yes, at last we have begun getting letters from the kids. It is so good to know something of what they are doing. Darla complains that the football team hasn't won a game so far; and she is enjoying not being in the band this year. Sheila is Shannon's new mother and she has discovered that he is unusually sweet and precious! Isn't that typical of a mother's opinion? She and Robby are studying algebra together to improve her understanding of it! (I'm sure they enjoy the lessons!) Steve finally wrote, apologetically, that he is just not a correspondent, that if he broke into two parts and one of them moved away, the other one wouldn't write to it. So I guess we have done well to get any mail from him! Shannon has sent some more kisses and has written the alphabet, so he's still learning from Sesame Street. I feel satisfied and happy, knowing that they are all right and that they could call us if there were any emergency. I am so thankful that Daddy and Mother were willing to keep them so that I could come and have these experiences of work with J. C.

As usual, I am waiting for J. C. to decide that the day has been long enough. The noise of the traffic on Ring Road is getting lighter. Surely that editorial will come to an end soon . . .

Delhi....October 1

The rain continues. This morning while J. C. was taping radio sermons, I went along as advisor with Bette in purchasing fabric to reupholster a couch and some chairs. Since we have nothing in our half of the house that could possibly be mistaken for interior decoration, I have enjoyed helping her decide how to spend her money through the years!

We've also done a lot of cooking together because Bette knows little about it and thinks she wants to learn. One of the first things she began planning after our arrival was the "cooking class" she and her sister wanted, which turned into three sessions with full menus. We finally did spend one morning roasting a leg of lamb (which I had never done before, but I taught them how anyway! Ha!) with mashed potatoes, gravy and onion rings. We all shared the meal and invited the men over, too, so I didn't feel the time had been entirely wasted since I would have been cooking at home anyway.

Bette's sister was expecting about twenty guests for a meal and she was "very keen" on having macaroni as one of the dishes. That particular day was so full that I didn't see how I could possibly work in any macaroni and cheese, but I finally promised to come over at six-fifteen and help them until I had to leave for another appointment at six-forty-five; thirty minutes *should* be enough time even for teaching a novice how to make that dish. But I was nearly ten minutes late getting there and then Bette had to look for the good dish to cook it in because she doesn't leave her better things out for the cook to ruin. So we did some fast chopping and measuring and stirring — but "pro" that I am, we succeeded in turning out a fine dish of macaroni and cheese, and they were very happy ladies! Indian women who cook can be very good cooks; but the wealthy women who have never spent much time in the kitchen always seem so amazed when foods they are learning to prepare are actually edible!



A DELIVERY OF BOOKS FROM THE PRINTER IN NEW DELHI

DELHI

Sunny has been really sick all week with a cold and fever, but he has not missed any time from work. We have encouraged him to go to a doctor, and he keeps saying he will if he doesn't get better soon. His throat was so sore Sunday that he couldn't talk and his younger brother, Francis, had to translate the sermon.

The Sandus say that the housing authorities object to the house being used as a storage place for the books, calling it a business in a residential area, even though the books are not sold. So J. C. and Sunny have had to move all that were in the house out to the garage. Samson and Nelson, two other of the David boys, have helped with it, but it has been an aggravating, time-consuming job. Obviously, the day is fast approaching when we are going to have to build a place for recording the sermons and storing the books. We dread getting involved with trying to build anything because there will be so much red tape and so many frustrations and headaches, not to count the burden of trying to raise the money for it. But something is going to have to be done.

Tuesday overflowed with business. While I went early to the Red Fort area to shop for things I had promised the kids, J. C. and Sunny helped move the books; then J. C. wrote an article and corrected part of the proof for one of Reggie's English sermon books. At noon the printer delivered Sunny's latest book of radio sermons, so those had to be taken from the cart and stored in the garage with the other books. Sunny started on lunch, and then Brother P. R. Swamy arrived at one by train from Bangalore. They had already eaten and Brother Swamy was resting from his wearing trip by the time I got in at two-thirty.

The ladies came about the same time I did, so we sat down to have our class while J. C. was recording Tamil songs and announcements upstairs. Sunny had gone out to do some visiting.

Soon after the ladies' class ended, we had a downpour of rain and the current went off again. Samson and Sunil had come for another study, so we read by candlelight until about nine-thirty when Brother John Chandy, who is to be the speaker for the Malayalam

LET US GO AGAIN

programs, suddenly appeared at the door. None of us had met him before, so introductions were made all around and I broke up our study to call J. C. down to meet John. While they and Brother Swamy got acquainted, I went to the kitchen and fixed our supper. I had not known either of the men before, so I enjoyed listening to the conversation at the table. Since I would be cooking for them for the next several days, I hoped they would feel at home and would be easy to please in their eating.

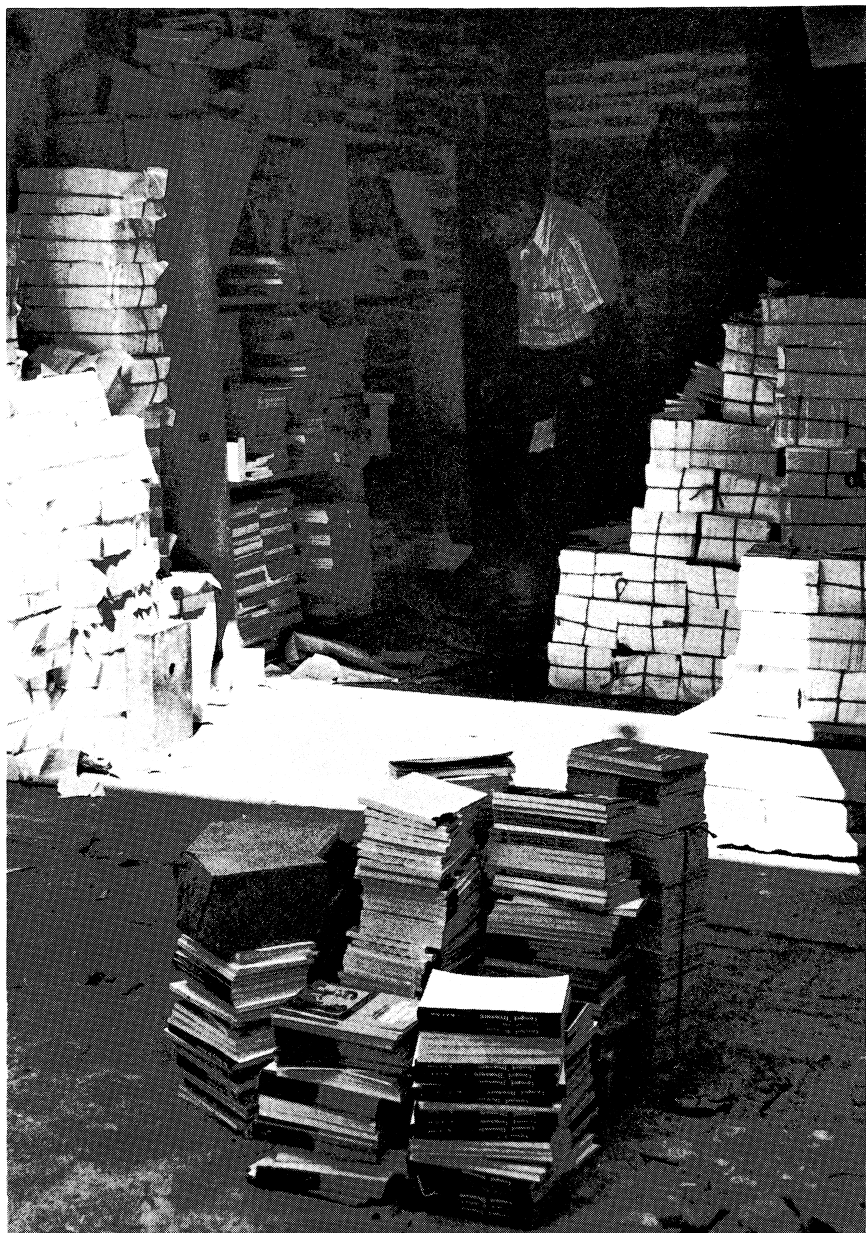
I washed the dishes while J. C. and the men finished setting up six tapes for the Tamil sermons. After everyone else had gone to bed, we wrote and typed until 2:30. The day had seemed too full, but all the days have become increasingly like that because there is so much yet to do and our time is running out.

Both J. C. and I have worked this week on getting letters out, mine to the ladies classes who support the printing of the books, and his to the congregations that support the work in general. This has necessitated several trips to the printer on Connaught Place to check proofs, to deliver the air sheets for the letters to be printed on, to get the letters (only they weren't ready, so that meant another trip and more time lost and further delay in getting the letters out). But we finally got them all in the mail and felt a big weight lifted from our minds — another job actually completed!

On Wednesday I had to go to the market while Brother Swamy and Brother Chandy went to the railway station to make reservations for the trip back to their homes. The trains are always crowded and they won't get seats if they wait to buy their tickets until they are ready to go.

J. C. spent a frustrating time trying to get the Malayalam singing transferred from the cassette John brought to the reel tape. He finally had to borrow another recorder for the transfer and even then the quality was not very good. We need to get yet more equipment if we expect to continue in this work, because it deserves better than "make-do".

Just as I was about to begin lunch, Sister Varma came for a



MAKE-DO STORAGE FOR THE BOOKS IN THE GARAGE

DELHI

visit. She doesn't speak much English, so we talked through Sunny. She asked J. C. and me to come for dinner and we talked of a date that might be possible with all of the recording that has to be done. I made tea and we visited over our cups awhile longer. Then I had to really rush with lunch. I had planned curried pork chops and Sunny and I worked quickly to get the rice and vegetables ready at a reasonable hour. As we were eating, John commented on the good beef (they can get beef in South India, but we can't) and I hesitantly told him it was pork chops. Many people in India do not eat pork because in most areas the pigs live on garbage and are slaughtered without being bled. Trichinosis is a real problem here, too. But the pork we get in Delhi is of imported stock, is raised on a modern farm near here by good standards of cleanliness, and is some of the best meat I have seen anywhere, so we eat it more often than any other kind. Beef is not available and mutton is more expensive and is not as easily prepared; chicken is so high it can be served only as a treat; and fish is not safe to buy after being shipped inland the hundreds of miles from Bombay. So most of our protein comes from pork, cheese and eggs.

John said that he had never eaten pork before and his wife would really be surprised — I detected that it had suddenly become almost as distasteful to him as dog would be to me! The next day I cooked mutton curry as well as pork, and Sunny and Brother Swamy commented that mutton tastes strong after one has eaten pork, and that though both of them had grown up shunning pork, they prefer it now. I decided just to cook to suit myself and to feel confident that they could regain when they went home any weight they had lost at my table! But I knew that they were all working hard so I did try to make the meals pleasant, and they ate as if they enjoyed them, so we didn't fare as badly as I had feared.

Wednesday afternoon and evening three of Brother Swamy's tapes were completed, and after Bible study and dinner they recorded two of John's sermons.

It was two by the time we went to bed, but we were not the

LET US GO AGAIN

only ones keeping late hours — the traffic was still going strong outside!

Thursday was full, too. Knowing that it would likely be some time before I could do any more shopping in India, we had cashed a bond we had saved in earlier years, before the kids got to the more expensive high school age and before inflation made it impossible to save much of anything. I was determined not to feel bad about spending the money, though it had been part of our “insurance” in case any of us got sick and needed the hospital insurance we can’t afford to have. Steve and Shannon wanted books; the girls asked for jewelry; so I got a rickshaw and began the half-hour ride to the Red Fort where stones can be bought cheaply and set in silver mountings for a reasonable price.

Once when we were at home in the States someone asked me what I missed most about living in India. That was a hard question to answer on the spur of the moment, but I finally said, “Riding in the rickshaws.” I had often wondered why I would look back with nostalgia on those bumpy uncomfortable rides — cold, cold in the winter and burning hot in the summer — but I have finally figured it out: they go fast enough that they do eventually get me there, but they go slowly enough that riding in one allows me to sort of join in the life going on around me as I pass through the streets. I watched men push hand carts and two-wheeled wagons along the road; beggars occasionally came with their hands out at intersections; men on bicycles labored with thin legs to reach their destinations; a sweeper worked in one area with his brush broom; a group of women walked along the dusty side trail with huge bundles of scrub bushes balanced on their heads; a Mercedes, with a driver and an expensively sareed woman inside, pulled up beside me at the red light; on a scooter in front of me a woman balanced expertly behind her husband, holding a little boy in her arms (and my arms ached for the feeling of Shannon); and, yes, the slow ride gives me time to think. Always I stay busy, but when one has to go somewhere in a rickshaw there is not much that can be done except sit



JOHN CHANDY, MALAYALAM RADIO SPEAKER

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there (with a clear conscience, knowing that this time spent in thinking is not being snatched away from some work that ought to be done) and think. I'm glad to be right here, a part of all of this, and maybe even being some help in bringing truth and a better life to some of the people of this country.

The Fort is a huge imposing place of red sandstone and white marble. Inside the wall, along the route to the palace, the government has allowed the building of souvenir shops, and they present an interesting view to the tourist. Samples of most of the crafts of India can be seen here. The unknowing can be easily fleeced, but with an awareness of what prices ought to be a person can get good buys in Kashmir carvings, inlaid wood and marble, set and unset stones, embroidered woollens, and many other beautiful things.

By the time I made my purchases and ran the errands on my list it was nearly two o'clock, so I missed lunch and I was still fifteen minutes late for the ladies' class when I got to Elizabeth's. J. C. and John had worked on the Malayalam sermons until John got tired, then he switched over to the Tamil recordings with Brother Swamy. After lunch, which Sunny cooked in my absence, they went back to the Malayalam recordings and worked until almost midnight on them, completing thirteen before they stopped.

Our class continued until five, and then I came home and cooked supper. After washing up, I wrote letters and worked on my book until J. C. stopped the recording and we could open the windows again and breathe. Also, that allowed me to switch over to typing on *The Death of Abel*. J. C. worked on an article and an introduction to John's first book of radio sermons. It was after two when we went to bed.

Friday morning J. C. and John went back to their recording and finished his last two sermons. By the time I got home from the market, J. C. was ready to take the rickshaw I had come in and to go to Connaught Place to the bank and to run several errands there. I cooked lunch for us — curried chicken, since it was to be John's last meal with us — and we all enjoyed that. We had talked with

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John, trying to show him that going back to the States and leaving the work and his family in Quilon for a year would be a very unwise solution to his problems. Seemingly, the discussions were beginning to influence his thinking and we had hope that he would change his mind altogether.

In the afternoon the artist who does the drawings for the book covers came and J. C. checked his suggestions on the new work. Then he and Brother Swamy went back to the recording on the Tamil tapes. They stopped in time for J. C. to talk further with John about the work in Kerala and the printing of the radio sermons in the Malayalam language. After we had all prayed together Sunny took John at 5:30 on his scooter to the railway station.

J. C. went back to the recording and he and Brother Swamy stayed with it until fifteen tapes had been completed.

I had spent the afternoon in another womens' class (since our days were running out, the ladies wanted to meet as much as I had time to spare, so we studied Friday, too, and I shared with them some of the lessons I had taught in Singapore). When I returned at 5:30, Samson and Sunil were waiting for me for another study. After they left, I prepared supper and interrupted the men long enough for us to eat. By the time I had finished the dishes and had washed our buckets of clothes that had been soaking upstairs, the men had stopped taping for the night. With relief we opened up the windows to let in the night air — and the noise; then we wrote and typed until three o'clock.

Today, Saturday, has been equally full. After coming back from helping Bette with her decisions we had lunch and then J. C. and Brother Swamy resumed the taping they had been doing all morning. Brother Swamy's voice is about gone and we are hoping he will be able to complete the twenty tapes they had planned to do. In the afternoon I had to go back to Connaught Place to get a printed letter, and when I returned Bette wanted me to please come and help her with a dish she was trying to cook. I hurried with that and then came home to dress for dinner with the Vermas. It was late when we returned from their house, because Indian dinners are never served

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before eight o'clock. We had a good visit, though, and did some serious talking about Christianity. They are converts from Hinduism, and I was impressed with the sincerity, especially of the old parents. They are so sweet.

When we got home Brother Swamy was too hoarse for any more recording, so we worked on the writing and typing until two. It has been a hard week for all of us, and tomorrow promises to be just as crowded. The good thing about going to bed so late and being so tired is that even this lumpy old bed feels like a cloud . . .

To Madras....October 5

It is over, like a dream of something I thought I held in my hands, and now I am awake and find that I am holding nothing at all. Yesterdays really are not much different from dreams: they are just as intangible and impossible to hold onto.

We began Sunday morning like the previous ones: playing a tape of hymns while we dressed. A good crowd was present for worship and Sunny translated while Brother Swamy spoke. He is still hoarse and he apologized for not being able to shout any louder! But he put plenty of force into what he was saying, and I listened attentively because I knew that his background was Hindu and I was interested in hearing him speak in a language I could understand. I had certainly gained nothing from the Tamil I had heard during all of the recording! The text was I Corinthians 3:21-23, and his point of emphasis was that we are Christ's, to be used by him. It was a very deep lesson and well-presented — and made me wish to understand his radio sermons, too.

Before the communion service, Sunny talked about Christ's death and all that he had endured for us and how His love should motivate us to live for Him. To me, a short moving lesson that stirs the mind to greater closeness with Christ is a fitting way to prepare for the Lord's supper. We never rush through that part of worship in Delhi, and the strong emphasis of such an important thing is vital if people are to continue to treasure the privilege of communion as they should.

After the dismissal, tea and snacks were prepared for everyone as our farewell. I didn't want to think about the approaching day, but I was already feeling a cloud of loneliness settling around me. When Mama David came around to greet me in the process of having the tea, she didn't say anything; she just hugged me tight and started crying.

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In the afternoon Brother Swamy finished the last five of his tapes. While he and J. C. worked on that I walked over to the Davids' and made a tape of Samson, Nelson and Francis singing Hindi songs. They really enjoy singing and have beautiful voices, so it was a pleasure to watch and listen as they went through their choices of songs to be recorded. It seems impossible to sing gwalies and ghazals without hand motions, and sometimes they obviously needed three hands as Samson played the harmonium and Nelson kept time on a table for a drum, and there was no free hand for the proper motions!

Before worship in the evening, as everyone was gathering in, I looked at Elzy who had shown so much interest in spiritual things in our ladies' classes, and at Francis David, and I wondered, "Where are their eyes? They would seem ideal for each other." To my great surprise, Brother Swamy mentioned to me after the services that they are planning to be married! I could hardly believe that such a romance existed before my very eyes and I hadn't seen it!

After the evening service we took Sunny and Jasmine and Brother Swamy to the Hong Kong restaurant as our celebration dinner that all of the sermons had been completed at last! Ninety-five tapes recorded and in labeled boxes, ready for turning over to the radio station, was a real accomplishment to celebrate!

Brother Swamy left early Monday so J. C. and I got up at five-thirty in order to prepare his breakfast and to be with him awhile before our last prayer together, and J. C. took him to the train station for his trip to Madras and then on to Bangalore.

During the day J. C. ran some errands downtown, met with the artist and the printer, and also had a long study with an independent preacher who came over. After lunch the ladies and I had another study, and before that ended, Kumar one of the earliest converts from Hinduism, came for a visit. After he left, the Sandus had asked us to have dinner with them. We worked until two, trying to get as much of the packing done as possible.

Tuesday was our last full day in Delhi, and there seemed to be so many things yet to do. J. C. and Sunny wrapped some books and

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materials he wanted to take, and also they packaged up the tapes. Those are our precious cargo, and we will watch them carefully until they can be delivered.

Reggie had asked us to bring some plastic for recovering his car seats, if we could manage it, and we finally decided to make the attempt anyway, though we had no idea what kind of overweight or import tax might be charged. So I got a scooter and hurried to Con-naught Place to get that. It seemed to take an age for the roll to be stitched inside burlap for the journey but at last it was smilingly handed into the scooter and I made it back home in time to prepare a quick lunch.

J. C. worked on letters and packing while the ladies and I began our 'grand finale': high tea, British style, with pastries and gulab jamun and salty snacks. J. C. and Sunny joined us toward the end and Kumar and his family came, so we had a wonderful afternoon.

The Davids had asked us for dinner — our last treat of Mama's good Indian food. The pleasure was dampened by the realization that this would be our last evening together. Before telling everyone good-bye and leaving amid hugs and tears, we prayed that God would keep us all during the coming time of separation. Sunny walked almost all of the way home with us.

J. C. ended his work at midnight, but it was two-thirty before I was ready to go to bed, and even then I had a hard time going to sleep.

The alarm rang at 4:00 a. m. There was hardly any noise on Ring Road as we dressed and I went downstairs to cook our breakfast. I boiled some eggs and packed fruit and crackers and cookies in a bag for our train trip. At five-thirty our bags were waiting downstairs and Sunny arrived with the taxi. Already the house had a feeling of loneliness about it.

The railroad depot was crowded as usual with people of every description, but a kuli helped us make our way to the platform reserved for the "Tamil Nadu Express" and we found our car without any problem. There wasn't much space for stowing baggage, but we

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had arrived early enough that ours had been placed above and below our seats before the car filled up and people began moving the bags of those who had momentarily gone out. J. C. went to get a paper and some magazines while Sunny and I watched our things. We talked of the work, of the pleasure it had been to cook and talk and study during these weeks. I was glad for the closer bond that had grown between us and I knew that I would miss the good times that all of us had had working together.

Then the whistle blew and — “goodbye” — and we were watching Sunny through the window as the train pulled away.

What did I feel? The tears were real; I love the church in Delhi and I wish it were possible to be with them on and on. But the tiredness is real, too. We've had such pressures for so long that I am mentally pulling this thirty-hour train ride out of the setting of reality and making it a time of seclusion from people and from responsibility. The building excitement is real, too: soon we will be again with the church in Ceylon — and soon we'll be home! Ah! it seems a long time since we left!

Going Home....October 18

Even Indian "express" trains don't hurry. We settled in for thirty hours of sitting and rhythmic swaying with the movement of the train. Since J. C. had traveled that way before he was familiar with the country and he pointed out interesting scenes and called my attention to some towns in which the church has been begun through the radio work. We wished it had been possible to stop and see the brethren in those places, but time was too short. We passed farming areas and village scenes, and every depot was the same: crowded with people and busy with hustle and bustle.

There was a television in our car but it was not on much of the time, and it wasn't long before they began to make reruns of the programs. Porters came through, taking orders for meals, and everyone around us seemed intent on passing the time by eating: breakfast, tea, lunch, tea, dinner, bed tea. We ate our boiled eggs and fruit and ordered a soft drink to wash it down with. The pungent smell of spiced food was appealing, but since we didn't have time for a siege of diarrhea or amoeba, we decided not to risk eating the meals. It was interesting to notice the change in the rice as we progressed in our ride to the south: the north has long-grained beautiful rice; southerners eat the short fat-grained variety.

Both of us slept a lot, and between times we proof-read Reggie's book of radio sermons. I was so tired and so sleepy that the rhythm of the train made even trying to stay awake a misery. We weren't sure whether or not to be relieved when the lights went off and the night of sleep was enforced on us, but we were both really glad when daylight came! We had been molded to the chairs so long we could hardly endure another minute of it. I disturbed the man beside me to find the washroom and to try to repair my hair and face as best I could. My saree had gotten wrinkled in the night, but I was so glad I had worn it because the pallu had served as a good light blanket for

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J. C. and me when the air conditioning got too cool during the early morning hours.

We had a two-hour delay just sitting out in the middle of nowhere, waiting for the line to be cleared farther up the way. The time was used proof-reading, again, and introducing the church to the man seated next to us. He was Hindu and accepted the literature we offered, though he obviously was not very interested in Christianity.

Surprisingly, we made up the lost time and reached Madras on schedule at one p. m. We took a taxi to the Apollo Hotel (a moderately priced place that is tolerable), then we walked to the Air Ceylon office to see if we had seats on the next morning's flight to Colombo. J. C. had written ahead for reservations, and the letter arrived just before we walked in. The flight was not crowded so there was no problem.

We had a late lunch and then walked around some, feeling the atmosphere of the streets in Madras. Back at the Apollo, we proof-read the last pages of Reggie's book, and then we both enjoyed long restful showers. I decided to wear a new blue saree to dinner — our farewell evening in India. We walked unhurriedly to the Con-nemara Hotel and were shown to a table in the dimly lit dining room. Both of us ordered "Steak Dianne" and the sizzling platters were brought by the head waiter. The bouquet of flowers on the table and the music in the background were designed to produce nostalgic memories. I knew I would remember this quiet peaceful end to our busy weeks in India, and I clung to each minute of it as we walked slowly hand in hand through the night to our room.

Our flight was scheduled for an eight-thirty departure, so we got up at six in order to be there at check-in time. True to J. C.'s apprehension, as he had mentioned on our way into Madras just a little more than a month ago, the bus service to the airport had been discontinued — only the day before! — so we had to make that trip by taxi. When we got there we discovered that the plane was being delayed by several hours so we had time on our hands.

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We talked to some of the men at the counter about Christ; we mailed the proofs we had been correcting so Sunny could turn them over to the printer in Delhi; we made inquiries about any recent news on the plane; we watched a group of Russian tourists — mostly women — who were overweight and dressed with an obvious lack of taste; we bought and read another magazine; we tried writing some, but the comings and goings were too much distraction to do good work; we went to the dining room and J. C. ordered two bottles of “Kick’a’ Poo Joy Juice” (it is a Canadian drink, with a lemon-lime flavor. He commented that it just about destroyed his last shred of dignity to ask for such a stupid sounding drink — but what can one do, now that Coke is gone?!) and I decided to try a dhosa. I had heard of that South Indian specialty but had never tried the pan-cake type of bread rolled around meats and vegetables. That sample was not as good as it is reputed to be!

By the time we boarded the plane it was five p. m. and the day had been wearing. We would have much preferred going through one of our busy schedules of the week before. When we checked through customs in Ceylon, Reggie was not there so we took the bus to the Taprobane Hotel, but he wasn't there either; so we rode on to the Galle Face Hotel that fronts on the ocean, with a wide “green” beside it where the British used to take their evening strolls and where the Ceylonese still congregate to socialize while the children eat ice cream and fly kites. But no one was there either, so we took a taxi to Reggie's house where we found Mahes and the children. They had been looking for us all day, but Reggie had felt that he should stay with his scheduled class for the evening, which was what we had expected him to do. We read our mail that had accumulated and we read the recent papers to see if the communal problems were really settling down as it seemed. Reggie came in about ten. We had dinner and then talked until late.

Reservations were made the next day for our onward flight to Singapore. In the afternoon we all had tea with Dr. Chacko and his wife, a very dear elderly couple whom Reggie has been trying to

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convert for years. They are close friends, almost like family, and Dr. Chacko feels it his responsibility to keep Reggie in good health so he can do his work. We laughingly commented that before Reggie could consider going to work anywhere outside of Colombo he would have to move the "tinker" who keeps his twenty-year-old car running and Dr. Chacko who keeps him running! We have teased Reggie about his entrance to old age with his 50th birthday this year. His son, Chandiran, says that he has been using his age to his advantage for the last two or three years, offering his advice learned from half a century of experiences, so he is glad he has finally reached the vantage point he has claimed for so long!

In the evening nine men of the church came over to talk with J. C. about their fears of further danger from the communal violence and to ask his advice. Lilani and Cynthia offered hot tea and snacks all around while Brother Duraisingham served as spokesman for the group. Almost without exception the church is made up of Tamils, and this minority group suffered terribly following the elections in July. Many homes and shops were burned, houses were robbed, people were brutally killed, women and girls were often at the mercy of rapists, and a general paralyzing fear became the daily tenor of life for Tamils who did not know who would be attacked next. The men of the church had seen this happen twice during recent years, and they were doubtful that they could expect the peace to continue always. They were debating about their futures: should they stay on as they were in Colombo and hope for the best? should they move out to other cities of the island, hoping that the danger would not be as great away from the capital? should they all move to Jaffna in the north, which is predominantly Tamil? should they migrate to India or to other countries if they could get visas?

J. C. admitted that he didn't know the answers to the problems. He said that he didn't really know what he would do if he saw his family actually in the danger they had been facing. But he raised some of the problems involved in their possible solutions: if they moved elsewhere, would they be able to find work to support their families?

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Most of the industry of Ceylon is centered in Colombo, and the people elsewhere often earn meager incomes on the tea and rubber estates. If they moved to Jaffna, would they not be choosing the very site that would most probably be the center of any future violence? Would they fare better in India, which is often torn with communal violence, and where mass starvation looms as an inevitable future in the next twenty years, if the population explosion is not brought under control? And he reminded them of the danger to their souls. As long as they stayed together, able to help each other both physically and spiritually, they should continue to grow in spiritual strength. But, as relatively young Christians, they would be risking eternal loss if they separated and went out alone to areas where there were no other Christians. Would they be able to endure that and not lose their souls trying to save their physical lives?

The decision will have to be theirs, but probably they will all stay in Colombo. Several of the men said that that made more sense then trying to do anything else. We prayed together before they all said goodnight and went to their homes.

Reggie suggested that Lilani and I accompany him to go buy some ice cream (he spoils J. C. with that treat, too, even though it costs him the equivalent of \$12.50 a gallon), and on the way he turned aside and drove the short block off Galle Road to the ocean's edge. We sat there a few minutes, just watching the crest of the waves catch the moonlight and then break along the silvery shore. The water made a soft song in the still night. I was grateful to Reggie for giving me that little time of farewell closeness with the ocean, for which he knows we both feel a deep love.

Sunday was frustrating. We had expected to be able to worship with two congregations in the morning and then to catch our one p. m. flight to Singapore, but Air Ceylon called early to say that the flight had been delayed until at least three p. m., and that we could change over to Swiss Air and leave at eleven-fifteen a. m. Rather than miss evening worship in Singapore we decided to do that. We took our things with us when we left for the eight-thirty service in

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North Colombo. Mahes and the girls cannot keep up with Reggie's busy Sunday schedule, and there is not room in the car for them and for the men who help with the various meetings, so they worship with the English speaking congregation that meets in the evening at the Ex-Service Men's Hall in the heart of the city. After we prayed with them we said goodbye.

J. C. recorded an interview with Reggie as we drove along. It took real concentration for him to manage the traffic and the conversation, too. At the meeting place, the service was conducted in English and translated into Tamil. J. C. preached a sermon based on their recent disturbances and possible resulting attitudes: "What are your goals?" At the close of the service and the farewells, Reggie dropped Raj and his father off at Hendala where they would conduct another worship service with that congregation and we hurried to the airport. When we got there they happily informed us that our tickets could not be changed over and we would have to wait for the Air Ceylon flight. We decided to have lunch at the restaurant while we waited, and before we had finished, the announcement was made that people on that flight were being taken back to their hotels. So we drove the hour's trip back into town and unloaded our things at Reggie's again. When we checked with Air Ceylon they said the flight had been cancelled and there would not be another one until Wednesday.

Everyone was surprised to see us at the evening meeting, but it was our pleasure to be with them again. J. C. spoke about Christ's ownership of the Christian and all that he calls "his". Afterward, the ladies wanted to have a class on Monday night if we were still in Colombo, and I was happy to agree.

We took Reggie and the family out for dinner after the meeting. The band entertainment was so loud we finally had to move a few tables farther away. Reggie had played the saxophone in a group when he was a young man and he thoroughly enjoyed the music, so much so that he remarked that it was good that he wasn't around bands very often because he always felt the pull back to the old days. But I suspect that he has matured far beyond finding satisfaction from blowing on a saxophone.

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Monday we went to the Air Ceylon office as soon as it opened and had our tickets endorsed over to Swiss Air (the same thing could have been done the day before, and we wouldn't have had a needless two-day delay) for a flight on Tuesday.

In the afternoon J. C. and Reggie timed the English tapes and J. C. worked on his report "between times". I did some studying on Hinduism and planned what I wanted to say to the ladies. We had a good "sharing session" in the evening at the Duraisinghams' house, and I was glad that the meeting had been possible.

After dinner J. C. completed timing the sermons and typing his report while Reggie and I explored some scriptures he had been studying on the place of the dead. Knowing how meager his Bible knowledge had been just seven years ago when he needed help finding almost every scripture he wanted to use, it was exciting to me to discuss the scriptures on "equal" terms with him, with the realization that his understanding and knowledge equaled or surpassed mine.

Tuesday was "goodbye" day again, and we promised Mahes we would try not to come back immediately! We got to the airport at ten and checked our bags, then talked with Reggie until the flight was announced. Though I love the Christians in other places, I knew that in leaving the church in Delhi, and in looking back through the customs line-up to see Reggie's smile and wave, I was breaking ties again with some of the people who are the most precious on earth to me. Now, away from them, and away from our family and home too, there was a lonely pulled feeling in my heart.

We landed in Singapore late in the afternoon and took a taxi to Gordon's and Jane's. During our absence four beautiful new books had been delivered from the printer's, so we took some time looking through *First Principles* (Choate), *Sermons on Saints and Sinners* (Waddey), *Short Sermons, Vol. 2* (Overton), and *Church History* (Cox), admiring the good work that had been done. They will be so useful in Singapore, as well as in many other places.

Wednesday and Thursday were spent packing books to be shipped to various missionaries, proofreading new materials, and

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getting our tickets and visas for the return trip home. On Thursday we mailed book packets, picked up our visas for Taiwan and got the last of the packing done. Some of the Christians came by to see us and just before we left the Hogans' the printer brought new proofs of *The McGee-Pettit Debate* and J. C. gave him the ones we had finished. Then we quickly moved our things to the car and drove to the airport. Jane and Gordon stayed to see us off.

Our flight landed in Hong Kong and then resumed the journey to Taipei, Taiwan. When we checked through customs we were happy to see Ed Short waiting for us. At his home we talked with him and Sharon until late.

Saturday was spent with the Short family and the Al Hendersons. Being around little ones so near Shannon's age was both sweet and painful. I convinced Lewis Short that I just had to have a kiss because it had been so long since Shannon could give me one! He is so friendly, it didn't take much convincing!

A Chinese lunch was prepared at the Henderson home and we thoroughly enjoyed that. While the women and I went out in the afternoon to a "bargain shop" J. C. and Al discussed the problems and possibilities of printing materials in Chinese. We were thrilled to learn that, though there are several spoken dialects in Chinese, all are the same in the written form! That simplifies things a lot!

Late in the evening we accompanied Sharon and the children to meet Ed (he had had an appointment and wasn't able to go with us to the Hendersons') at a restaurant where they ordered a Chinese dinner. Some of the dishes were new to me, and they were delicious.

On the way home Sharon took us by a shop owned by a Christian woman who has suffered some real heartaches, but she has been a faithful Christian for years, and she is a very sweet person. She made special prices on her sweaters and jackets, and I enjoyed choosing some for the kids.

J. C. spoke to the Mandarin Chinese church at 8:00 a. m. Sunday, with Ed translating for him. It would be almost impossible to work in Taiwan without knowing the language, and we were

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thrilled that two such dedicated couples are able to be there and to carry on the work so well. At 10:00 the English speaking congregation met in the same auditorium for Bible class and worship.

After lunch Sharon took us on a running tour of the National Museum, which was absolutely fascinating. It was the first museum I had visited where old broken musty things were not what you found on display. The paintings, the carvings, the china, etc., etc., seemed just as fresh as today, except that work of such fine detail and quality is rarely being done these days. I wished for time for a closer look and to see the third floor which we completely missed. The officials say they brought enough of these treasures out of China at the Communist take-over to make a whole new display once a year for ten years, without duplicating anything! It was such a big place, with so many treasures to see, and I thought it really amazing that the people had cared enough for their heritage and history to go to the trouble of bringing the pieces with them, even when they were running for their lives.

In the evening we attended another English service and then J. C. went with Ed to a Chinese meeting in the downtown area. It was a full day.

On Monday several of the ladies gathered for a class and a fellowship meal, and I enjoyed getting to share some thoughts with them. During that time J. C. and Ed visited a Mr. Wong who was dying with cancer. They studied for a good while and J. C. felt that he would soon be obeying the gospel. (We learned that Mr. Wong was baptized about two weeks later).

Sharon and I met the men downtown where we did some quick last-minute shopping and then Ed took us to the airport. We checked our luggage and said goodbye to Ed. The time we had spent with them and the church had been interesting and profitable, and we hope that some new printing in Chinese will be the result of the stop-over.

Our 747 left Taiwan at 6:00 p. m. We landed briefly in Tokyo, but I had a headache so I stayed in the plane with our handluggage.

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After six more hours of flying we landed in Honolulu at 11:00 in the morning and checked through immigration. We reboarded the plane and left for Los Angeles at 12:00 and after 4½ hours of flying we landed at 8:30 p. m. local time. I had dreaded this part of the trip because I knew that we had spent in excess of the amount allowed duty free, and I was wondering what we would have to pay. To make things easier for me and the customs officer, too, I had listed everything according to categories and had figured up separately the amount spent on clothes, equipment, books, etc. Years ago I had faced the temptation of cheating on customs or anything else, and had come to the conclusion that my soul was worth more to me than any amount of duty I might avoid paying by failing to list everything, or lying about the prices. So we made our list honestly.

The lady in front of us had not. She had listed very little on her card, and when we left, they were still waiting for her to finish tearing out traveller's checks to pay the fine for not declaring a camera and lenses she had bought. We had been asked to pay \$13.49 duty which was an evidence of the official bending over backwards trying to consider every possible allowance that could be made for an obviously honest declaration. God's guidance really is the best way to live, even in this sinful old world!

After checking in with American Airlines we called home, even though it was already nearly two o'clock there. Mother and Sheila came to the phone — oh! it was good to hear their voices again and to know that everything was all right. I told them we would be getting to Memphis at seven and encouraged them not to try to meet us until later, because I knew Daddy had been working and would not relish getting up at four in order to be there when we landed.

But an impatient little hope thought they might anyway, so the lounge looked cold and deserted when we came through the gate and none of the familiar faces were there. We collected our bags and waited downstairs near the doors. Fidgety nerves running up and down my legs kept me walking here and there most of the time between seven and ten when I looked out and saw them coming up the

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walk. So many experiences had flowed by like rushing waters in their lives and in ours, but there they were, looking just the same! Smiles were wide on all our faces, as the distance between us closed. Shannon had dressed up in his new suit and he looked so big — but not yet quite big enough, because the mother in me noticed that he was walking on the ends of the pants legs and would ruin them if he made many more steps — a good excuse to pick him up and hold him close? How sweet it was to have that hunger satisfied again! We all hugged each other and everyone began to talk at once — oh, there was so much to say, so many thoughts and experiences to share!

We prayed together before we started the drive home.

Return to Letter-Writing Existence....March 25

Time moves forward relentlessly, waiting for no one and nothing.

It took Shannon several weeks to get caught up on saying all the “I love you’s” he had stored up in our absence, and all of us did a lot of extra talking for a while, but our being away seems not to have made any scars. Mother said that the kids had spent the nights with her and Daddy, but they had stayed at home most of the time in the afternoons after school until bedtime. They cooked a part of their meals and learned a new degree of independence in taking care of themselves, and I was glad of that.

After two and a half months of reporting to congregations and speaking in behalf of the work, we took J. C. to Memphis on January 5 to return to India. I dreaded the loneliness for both of us, but especially for him, because I knew my being there last time would make “ghosts” at every turn. As the flight was announced, we had one last short prayer together and then with hugs and kisses he walked through the door and was gone. That moment is hard for me because even though my mind knows that, physically, he is there still just beyond the door, another part of my mind insists that he is the same as a world and weeks of time away, because he has gone beyond my reach.

But in another sense, the periods of separation have given us a new depth of spiritual love that we would not have known otherwise. All that goes on in our world is familiar and real to him, as a part of him continues to share spiritually in our life; and his world is familiar to me, too, so that part of me walks at his side every day, no matter where he is. His first letter was written from Honolulu:

January 8: “Believe it or not, I am still in Honolulu. It seems that China Airlines had no record of my reservations from here to Taipei and I ended up being more than 30 on the waiting list. I therefore

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didn't make the flight this morning. I am hoping to go out on the Wednesday morning flight. This is very disappointing. I hope I can still see the brethren in Taipei and Hong Kong at least briefly . . . I am enjoying my visit with the Stewarts. Since I am here I am trying to go over the different manuscripts and to get as much study in as I can. It will prove to be a blessing from that standpoint . . . Oh, yes, China Airlines lost the box of tapes. I checked yesterday and it had come in . . . Hon, thank you for all the candy and everything. I appreciate your thoughtfulness so much. I love all of you deeply and I am missing you very much already . . .”

January 15: “. . . Had a slow difficult trip from Honolulu to Singapore. In Tokyo we had a 14-hour layover while a motor was being repaired. We got to Taipei a little before one Friday morning, and the airline put me up in a hotel. At 6:30 I called Ed Short and then went out to their house awhile. He and Al Henderson came back to the hotel with me and we discussed the printing program. They are going to get on it . . . At 12:30 I left for Hong Kong. Spent the night with the Shahan family. They are fine people but in need of encouragement. It seems they have no one to translate into Chinese and so our work will have to be done in Taipei . . . It was almost midnight on Saturday when I left for Singapore. Got to the Hogans' at 3:00 a. m. . . . Don Green preached this morning and I preached tonight. Took Sunny (David — he was in Singapore for the annual Four Seas College Seminar) out for lunch. He is homesick . . .”

January 16: “. . . Time is rushing by. The trouble is that I have so much to do and it is hard to find time to do everything . . . The first day of Hebrews (teaching the book of Hebrews in the Seminar) went well, but it is almost time to go again . . . Two of the last books are off the press but there are two more to come.

January 18: “. . . I got your letter of January 6 today. It was so good to hear from you . . . I gave the Hogans some of the candy and Jane

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commented on it's being so good. They are leaving on February 3 to return to the States for about three months. They will give me a key so I can stay here when I come back through . . ."

January 19: ". . . This has been another busy day. After class this morning I came in and had some breakfast with Gordon and then I lay down for awhile. I have been so tired and sleepy since I have been getting so little sleep night after night . . ."

January 20: ". . . The first week of school has gone quickly by. After class I went downtown and got my ticket to Jakarta (Indonesia; for a meeting) . . . I am supposed to speak at Ponggal (at the school) Sunday morning . . . I am hoping to give some manuscripts to the printer on Monday . . . How is everyone there? Needless to say, I greatly miss you. How is Shannon? I am hoping to get a letter or two tomorrow. Pray for me and my prayers are with you. I am thinking about you . . ."

January 23: ". . . I hit the jackpot today. Six of your letters came and one from Darla. The tape was in one of them. It was so good to have this long visit with you . . . The last two books arrived today and they sure look good. I will begin to mail some out. We have now completed twelve. I am giving the printer eight new ones . . . I sure do miss being with all of you. I can't think about it much. I just try to stay busy. Hon, please get your rest and then work as you can. Don't worry about getting so much done and overdoing it . . ."

January 24: ". . . We have three more days of school work. It is good but it is difficult because we have to get up so early. I usually get to bed around midnight on up to one a. m., so I can get my bath after the others are finished in the bathroom. Then I get up each morning at 5:45. That means I don't get much sleep. I manage to get a nap in the afternoon on some days . . . Today was some kind of Hindu festival and we went over to a temple where there were dozens of men

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with spears through their tongues, fish hooks in their chests and backs, walking on nails, etc. They were taking processions out and going about a mile or so to another temple. It was really something to see . . . Honey, I enjoy your letters so much and it makes me feel so close to you and the kids. I love you very much. God be with you. I pray for you constantly . . .”

January 25: “. . . I had two letters from you today. Sorry it has been so cold. I could just see all the ice on the trees. I always enjoy those sights. It is so beautiful . . . I am downtown now, at the post office. I am about to send Reggie a telegram . . . The printer brought the bill today and in addition to what we had on hand we needed \$720.00 more — the last two books represented 400 pages instead of the usual 200 pages, so that ran the price up considerably. I made a check for that amount on the World Literature Fund. You said, I believe, that there was around \$460.00 in that fund. Maybe some more has come in by now . . . I am about to melt. From here I want to go to Peter Chew’s to check on some tapes and then to the Chinese Emporium to get some paper for wrapping the books . . .”

“. . . It has been another busy day. Maybe I’ll have a little more time at Jakarta. I completed my school work today. I had a real good group and learned a lot from the study myself . . . I will be leaving in the morning at nine for Jakarta and will write from there . . .”

January 28: “. . . I am at the airport now and I have already checked in for Jakarta. I am carrying a good load of books but will come back light. I also have that cough medicine for Pat, a typewriter and film for him, and a letter from Faye (Pat’s wife, who was in the hospital in Singapore with an infection in her leg).”

January 29: “. . . I arrived in Jakarta yesterday morning. We had a great day today. This morning 15 or 20 Americans gathered for worship and Bible study. I spoke at both services. This evening we had Indonesian Bible study and worship. One of the members who has

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translated for me on several occasions translated as I spoke at both services. Four young ladies responded to the invitation and were baptized. I was happy about that. Also, I guess the largest group that has ever assembled for worship in Indonesia did so tonight. The meeting will go through next Sunday . . . I saw a picture in the American "Stars and Stripes" newspaper of a snowscene in Columbus, Mississippi and it said, 'No, this is not in New England but in the Deep South.' I pray it has not been too bad on you. I miss you and I wish we could be together. I send my hugs to all of you; and, Shannon, pray for Daddy . . ."

January 30: ". . . We had another great night. Three men and one woman were baptized . . . Have you been able to find time to work any on your books? I hope to write my report this week and then mail it when I get to Singapore . . ."

January 31: ". . . Pat is going to arrange for some of our books to be done in Indonesian. They can also be used in Malaysia . . . Darla, you will soon be having a birthday. Happy Birthday! I am sorry again I can't be there for it. Only the Lord's work could keep me away. Thanks for being willing to understand. I know Mother will see to it that you have a nice day and I will try to bring something when I come . . . Shannon, I sure do miss my boy being with his Daddy in the office. We had a lot of good times, didn't we? I will be so happy to get back to you . . . Steve, I am proud of you in helping out with the wood cutting. Do be careful . . . Sheila, how is Robby? Tell him and the Gibsons I said hello . . ."

February 3: ". . . The meeting is rapidly drawing to a close. Pat is trying to get me to stay on through Monday night at least since there are some people in another part of town who want us to come to their place on Monday night; but I have already gotten my ticket prepared for a flight on Monday and I will probably stay with my schedule. I would like to stay longer but I feel that work in Singapore is pressing too . . . I have completed my report and am now

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ready to retype it. I hope to do that today. I have completed proof-reading two books and Sister McFarland is working on *Topical Index of the Bible*. I really think that we can open up the Philippines for the printing work. I think I told you in one of my letters that Bob Buchanan had written that he had gotten the set that I had sent to him and he expressed appreciation for the good work we are doing and said that he would like to see those books translated and distributed among the various language groups there. Of course, there is no end to what we could do if we just had the support for it. But it is exciting to think of all that we are in position to do. Let us pray that we can take advantage of as much of it as possible . . . How is your writing coming along, Hon? I will be anxious to see it when I get home. This Sunday will mark the completion of my first month. I hope I can get on over to India and speed things up and get home as soon as I can. If I can ever get to New Delhi then things will move fast. I am going to spend a few days in Colombo on my way over and then on my way back I will probably arrange it so I will just mainly pass through . . . I wish I knew how everything is going back there. I can't begin to tell you how much I miss you. I guess saying that gets old, too, but I do. Have you taken some pictures of the snow and ice? Maybe you got a picture of Shannon throwing a snowball . . ."

February 4: ". . . We had a good meeting last night and I mainly answered questions. These had to do with man-made names, mechanical music, fellowship, and the Holy Spirit . . . I am impressed with the way the work is growing. Of course it is still a long hard struggle, but at least there are signs of some progress and this is always encouraging . . ."

February 5: ". . . We had a great meeting tonight. I answered questions during the Bible study hour and then at the close of my sermon three responded to obey the gospel: a mother and daughter and one man. Another of the daughters was baptized earlier in the meeting.

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She had invited Pat and the local brethren over tomorrow night to conduct a meeting at her home. She comes in a car and drives it so this seems to be a fine stable family. I don't know yet about her husband . . . So we have had a total of 13 good people to be baptized in these meetings. Everything went just right. I feel that this is a place where I am especially close to the local church, and they respond well to me. They are now wanting you to come and I would very much like for you to do so at the earliest time possible . . . I love my babies . . .”

February 7: “. . . I have always wanted to be in Singapore during the Chinese New Year celebrations, but never again. I have gotten caught here with nothing in the house to eat and everything closed up yesterday and today. There is hardly a restaurant or anything open. I stood an hour and a half this evening in front of the meeting house trying to get a taxi to go to find something to eat. Had it not been for packaging some books, and had I known the way it would be here, I would have preferred staying on in Jakarta . . . It will really push me to get everything done. I have to check about an adapter for the recorder so I can use it on power, get those books mailed, get some recorder belts for Reggie, get a hair cut, go to the dentist, go out to the school to get some more books, locate a mike for the recorder . . . Oh me, I am already mentally fatigued thinking about it . . . I must tell you that I would be more than happy at this point to be heading home instead of leaving for Colombo. With all the hindrances here, with the heat, and with all the books to pack, I am mentally exhausted . . .”

February 9: “. . . Today has been another nerve-wracking day. Many places were closed but I managed to get most of the things done. Chandiran (Reggie's son) came out to help me, and Richard Loh helped with mailing the books. Also Yankaya helped with various things this evening . . . I sent you a tape today. I didn't have time to do a very good job on it . . .”

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February 10: “. . . I arrived in Colombo last night two hours late. Reggie and Brother Rajdurai were on hand to pick me up . . . you wouldn't believe all we went through this morning to get my ticket to Trivandrum. Knowing India as you do, on second thought, I guess you would. I don't know how Indian Airlines survives in spite of the fact that they don't have any competition . . . It is hot here, too. I am about to melt . . . We are about to leave for the Friday evening meeting . . . There was no letter here for me from you. I am sure it is the fact that the mail is so slow these days . . . You can see the postage has been raised by the small amount of 50% . . . I love you so much . . .”

February 11: “. . . I have spent most of the day listening to Reggie's taped radio sermons. They are good as usual . . . Jaya has come and also Raj. We will soon be going out for the evening meeting . . . I got a little rest and listened to the radio some. I always enjoy doing that. I don't need, however, to be spending too much time to myself. When I do that I get to thinking about home and it makes me lonely. I miss you more than I could ever tell you . . . The upholstery job Reggie had done with that material we brought from India turned out beautiful . . .”

February 12: “. . . We have had a very busy day with three meetings. It has been hot and tiring . . . Tonight I took Reggie and family to the Celinco for a meal. Sam and his band were there and as usual he sang “Mississippi” and dedicated it to me. He said he was sorry you couldn't be present. He sends his greetings. We did miss you . . . We had a good meeting last night at Brother Manikam's place. I have spoken five times since arriving . . . Still no letter from you. I think the mail system is so messed up that it is very difficult now to get a letter. Maybe there will be something tomorrow . . .”

February 13: “. . . I got your letter of January 20 today. That means it took twenty-five days to come. It must have gotten snowbound somewhere . . . Some of the Hendala brethren came over for a visit

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and I talked to them awhile to try to stimulate them to greater things. They are about to construct a more permanent meeting house . . . Dr. Chacko came over this morning and had breakfast with us. We are to go to his nursing home tomorrow evening for a meeting . . . Shannon, how did you like all of that snow? You mean Papa made you a sled? You will have to tell me all about it when I come home . . . Darla, Sheila and Steve, did they actually turn school out because of snow? How long were you out? I wish I could have been there to enjoy all of the snow with you . . . Hon, it was so good to get your long letter today. It made me feel so close to you. I miss you so much and wish we could always be together. Pray that I may have strength to make it through, and my prayers are with you and the children . . .”

February 18: “. . . I am now in Madras and will leave at 6:55 for Delhi. It will be a relief to get there with the load I have. Also I am especially anxious to get some mail . . . I had a nice visit with the Chandy family. Yesterday we went to a huge meeting conducted by the Mar Thoma “Christians”. There must have been 10,000 or more there. It was a sight to behold. It helped me to see the even more difficult job before us in places like Kerala to reach the lost. I talked to one of their priests on Thursday night and they are deeply prejudiced against the truth . . . It has been hot and dry in South India. I have almost melted . . . My plane arrived early enough for me to go to the Connemara to get a steak and some nan for lunch. I missed you, Hon . . .”

February 19: “. . . I got to Delhi last night. Sunny and Mr. Sandhu were on hand to welcome me and to bring me to the house . . . There were ten letters from you, one from Steve and two from Mama. I was up to 1:30 a. m. reading letters and I had a feast . . . Two weeks ago Sunny baptized an Air Force man and his wife from Andhra Pradesh. They were first contacted through the Telugu radio programs and then further taught through literature. He is stationed here with his family (one child); he has spent 15 years in the service and is

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about to retire. His wife was sick today but he was present at worship and I was greatly impressed with him. He sat down with me after the service just to personally thank me for bringing the truth to him and his wife. He said he was baptized once, thinking he had the truth, then the second time, and now the third time. He seems to be very sincere and he appears to be a very stable man. Sunny says on retiring from the service he will get Rs. 15,000 and a pension and that he wants to preach. I believe he will be the kind that will be willing to support himself. So, little by little, I believe we are making progress in the right direction . . . I have the tape recorder out listening to our music. I still like Olivia Newton-John's songs but they make me miss you. Hon, I could hardly wait till I got here so I could hear your tape. I heard it tonight and it was like you were right here. I enjoyed it so much but I could hardly keep my eyes dry . . . Sunny and I hope to begin work tomorrow on the recording work. In fact, I got the group tonight to make a new tape of the theme song . . ."

February 20: ". . . Sunny and I went to the Morning Stores to get some food supplies . . . Sunny fixed some rice and pork chops. They were good but not as good as yours. Sunny said he sure missed your help in the kitchen . . . I proofread some this afternoon. I also had a plumber and an electrician to come. The electrician fixed several lights in the different rooms and the plumber fixed the commodes and also put in two new hoses for the showers in the two bathrooms. As junky as this place is, and with the kind of repair work done, it still cost Rs. 210.00. Next I need to have a carpenter come and do some work. A place like this just falls apart after awhile. If it was mine I would be tempted to tear it down and put up a house right. It would probably be cheaper in the long run . . . Tonight Sunny and I did two of his tapes. We hope to complete the remaining thirteen tomorrow. We got off to a slow start. I don't believe the old tape recorder is recording properly. The sound is much too low. We did the second tape on the new one and it sounds much louder . . ."

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February 21: “. . . Had a telegram this morning from Joshua (Gootam, the speaker for the Telugu radio sermons. During the previous recording session he was in the hospital with hepatitis and was unable to come to Delhi). He says he is in the hospital with malaria and cannot come. I am praying that he will get to feeling better and that he will be able to come before I have to leave . . .”

February 23: “. . . Had another busy day as usual. I proofread a good bit, wrote several letters, and completed the Hindi tapes. Tomorrow I will time them. If Brother Swamy comes on Saturday or Sunday, I will be ready for him. I am always anxious to get all of these tapes done . . . Shannon, thank you for your hearts and 2's and for 'I love you'. Daddy loves you too and he misses all of your good sugar . . . When do you kids get your spring holidays? I wish I could be there for that; why don't they wait until I can come home? . . . I must get started tomorrow on some editorials for the *Bible Teacher*, that is a job that must be done . . . Today Sunny sent off several hundred books to Hyderabad, Bangalore, and Madras . . .”

February 23: “. . . I got two more letters today. One was dated February 3 and the other February 9. This is the first time I can recall the mail being so messed up. I know you are experiencing the same there and it is very frustrating . . . Tonight I washed and I have a line of clothes strung across the room like we had them when you were here . . . I am happy you are making progress on the books. I wish I could say the same. There are dozens of things I need to do while I am here but as before I know that I'll not be able to do a lot of them . . . I am going to talk to Francis on Friday about the possibility of helping with the work. I don't know how it will come out. I think I am a preacher, a writer, a printer, etc., but I don't know if I am good at hiring, buying property, building meeting houses, and such like. There are too many ends to gather up and try to tie together in the time available . . . Hon, you really spoiled me with those good meals last fall. After that, Sunny's can't come close to it . . . Hug the kids for me. I send my love and kisses . . .”

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February 24: “. . . Can you believe it? Your registered letter came today with the tape. I sure enjoyed that. It was so wonderful to hear all of you with Papa and Mama too. Shannon, thank you for the Valentine card. I'll try to bring you some books and some other things too . . . The dollar hit a new low today in Europe, the paper said. It frightens me to think about it. I don't know how I will finally deal with all of the bills here before I leave . . .”

February 25: “. . . Today has been a difficult day. I got started off this morning with Mr. Sandhu telling me he is raising the rent by 50% in October . . . Had another telegram from Joshua and he thinks it will be impossible for him to come . . . Ravi (the printer) has done very little on the manuscripts I gave him. Oh, he has typeset two of Reggie's books and two of Sunny's. He is just now beginning on the one by Larry West. Things move slow . . .”

February 26: “. . . As usual, today has been a very busy day. Since Brother Swamy didn't show up I spoke at both meetings . . . This afternoon I had a good talk with Francis and Elzy about the work. I am going to have another talk with Sunny before I make my decision, but if he agrees I am thinking now that we will take them on. I was thinking that maybe they could work here two years or so and then let the church here sponsor them in Kathmandu, Nepal. Maybe the church here could help some, Bangalore, and others. What do you think? . . . I had another telegram from Joshua and he said that if his doctor would permit it he would try to fly up here by March 11 to do the Telugu sermons. I am sure I will be here up to March 15 but I just must go then. I already have my plane seats booked all the way to Singapore . . . I talked to those present tonight about planning the work. I hope we can have several planning sessions while I am here. There is so much that needs to be done . . . I am thrilled with the progress you are making on your books. Sounds like you are also making progress on trying to raise some more funds for the printing. That is great . . . I must get the plumber and electrician again. No

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water will run into the commode in our bathroom. It just quit, for some reason. Then the water heater in the kitchen has quit. It is always something . . .”

February 27: “. . . I got a telegram from Brother Swamy this morning. He isn’t well and plans to come on March 5. I am finishing up Reggie’s fifth volume of radio sermons and will soon have them ready to turn over to the printer . . . Sunny listened to his radio sermons today. Those are now ready to go . . .”

March 1: “. . . I already feel closer to you since we are finally in the month that will bring me home to you. I am like a kid that can hardly wait . . . I am trying hard now to find time to write some articles for the magazine and to write my report. Ravi is covering me up with proofs to be corrected and this is eating up my time . . . I am just about shot. I am behind on my sleep and this bed, as you well know, is like a rock. I wish I could stretch out on our good old bed there. It is just right . . . Take care. It won’t be long now until I will be home . . .”

March 2: “. . . Here it is March 2, and really March 3, and I have not touched my report. How can I find the time to do it? I finally did write one article . . . Besides all of the proofreading, John Chandy came this afternoon about three p. m. and I have been working with him since that time. I set up all fifteen tapes with an opening song and then we recorded one sermon tonight. He and I plan to do the remainder tomorrow and Saturday . . . Tomorrow at one p. m. several of us plan to have lunch with the Raj family. He is leaving the Air Force after 15 years service, and he is taking some courses to prepare himself to earn his living at a government job, along with his pension. He wants to go to Bareilly and start the church. I just pray he can be grounded in the faith to the point that he can do all he plans to do. He looks better right now than anything new I have seen in India in a long time . . . It looks now like it may be around March 31 before

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I can make it home. I just had a letter from Yankaya in Singapore and he is expecting me for a meeting March 24-26. I still hope to be home by April 1 if not before . . . I washed tonight and it is already one a. m. and I just must do some proofreading before I turn off the light . . .”

March 3: “. . . Today John and I did ten tapes. We hope to finish the remaining five tomorrow . . . We went to the Raj home for lunch and while we were out, Sunny and I went on to visit Ravi’s new press site. While there I went over a number of proofs. Tonight I am also trying to get every bit of the material proofread that I can while I am here, but it is a job . . . Had a letter from Reggie. He was getting ready to go to Jaffna for another ten days of work with the new congregation there . . . I hope that I can work on my report in the next day or two . . .”

March 4: “. . . It has been another busy day. We completed all of the tapes and I timed seven of them. I have eight more and that will be done. They sound real good . . . There was no mail again today. I guess I will get a pile on Monday or so. It will be great when it does come . . . I am thinking of you. I love you. Hug one another for me and be thankful that you can be together . . .”

March 5: “. . . It is 12:15 a. m. and I must get up at 5:00 but I wanted to get a quick note written before I turn off the light. John is leaving in the morning . . . Had a nice worship service this morning and John brought the lesson. After the worship we had a baptism. Brother Nandan Singh brought a man to be baptized . . . A group stayed after worship to address the magazine and get it ready for mailing. While doing that, Brother Swamy came in so he spoke tonight and did a good job. I wish we had many men like him and John and Joshua and Sunny here in India. As a matter of fact, I think we are working with the cream of the crop . . . Brother Swamy plans to stay until Thursday. After he leaves I will still have two or three days

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to work on other things before Joshua comes. They finally got out another book in Tamil: Vol. 1 of *Gospel Sermonettes* . . .”

March 6: “. . . I had a big day today. There were four letters from you! . . . Brother Swamy and I took John to the train station to see him off. Then Brother Swamy went to the Old Delhi station to get a ticket home by way of Ahmedabad. He hopes to see some brethren over there who were contacted and converted through the radio work . . . Brother Swamy and I did seven of his tapes today. We hope to do eight tomorrow. He is doing only fifteen this time. He has a difficult time with his voice because of all the dust here . . . I am hoping to work on my report during the next day or two, and also write some articles for the magazine . . . Ravi came today with more proofs and I turned a pile over to him. Also the artist came . . . I will be here now just a little more than a week longer. I always face it with mixed emotions. From the standpoint of needing to be here longer I am always needed, I guess. But still I am so anxious to get back to you . . . I talked to Sister Rao last night about her family. I know it is hard on her that none of them are Christians. I wish you would write Kamal. Sister Rao said that Kamal respects you and maybe she would listen to you . . .”

March 7: “. . . There is so much to do and the time is getting away. Brother Swamy and I have felt bad all day. It made me think we had gotten a touch of food poisoning. I didn’t eat anything tonight except some fruit . . . We did five tapes today, and there are three to go. I hope we can complete them in the morning . . .”

March 8: “. . . I am still feeling bad, have a headache that is hard to shake, and I may have a little fever. I am turning in early hoping I will feel better tomorrow . . . Brother Swamy and I completed the Tamil sermons. I am happy they are done . . . We went over to Sister Rao’s for lunch. Tonight she, Kamal and Sammy came for the meeting . . . Several came in today and worked on the magazine . . . I just hope I can do my report tomorrow. It is going to be really late this

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time but I can't help it . . .”

March 9: “. . . I got up feeling better this morning but I got to feeling bad again. I have eaten very little today and I am feeling better tonight . . . I am happy to say that I finally wrote my report and am in the process of retyping it now . . . Sunny and I went to the Morning Stores to get some food but while preparing lunch the gas finished. Sunny went over to the Sandhus to finish cooking. No telling when we will get a new cylinder of gas. They said one might be available by tomorrow evening. There seems to be a shortage . . . Tonight Brother Swamy left by train at 10:00 p. m. Sunny and I saw him off. He is going by Gujarat to visit five congregations that are a direct result of the radio work. We are arranging to print some literature in the Gujarati language . . . I have a pile of proofs to go through, and my letters came tonight, so there are all of those to address. Joshua is due to arrive tomorrow evening. So there is a lot to do and my time is running out . . .”

March 10: “. . . I finally got my report mailed but I may beat it home, with the mail moving so slow . . . Tonight Sunny and I went out to the airport to get Joshua and instead of coming at 9:00 he came at 12:15 a. m. We had a long wait. We were so unwise in not calling to check on the time of the arrival. Of course, it was over three hours late because of some mechanical problem. Here we are now getting to bed real late . . . Joshua is still weak and I just pray that he will be able to do the job. We will probably try to work some tomorrow . . .”

March 12: “. . . We have had another busy day . . . Joshua and I recorded one sermon before worship. I spoke at both meetings. This afternoon and evening we got to work some on the tapes and closed out the day with nine, which makes a total now of 17. I hope we can complete them tomorrow . . . I talked to Francis about the work and he will begin on April 1. I think he will do a good job. If after two

JOSHUA GOOTAM, TELUGU RADIO SPEAKER



RETURN TO THE LETTER-WRITING EXISTENCE

years here, with all the training and experience he gets, we think he might be able to go to some place like Kathmandu, then I am hoping the church here will sponsor him and Elzy, and along with support from other congregations in India, and what we could do, he will be sent there to work . . . We hope to begin the Telugu magazine July 1. For 2,000 copies, to begin with, it will cost around \$100 a month . . . With the radio response on all of the programs there have been over 100,000 letters, over 1,000 baptized, and some 35 congregations established . . .”

March 13: “. . . Joshua and I worked hard all day and so the tapes are done once more. They are in their boxes and ready to be packed . . .”

March 15: “. . . I have pulled one of your tricks and stayed up all night. It will soon be 5:00 a. m. and we are to go at 5:30. I had to stay up to get all of these letters addressed. The last of the packing has been done, so I am about ready to go again . . . As usual, Ravi showed up at the last minute, so I now have some proofreading to do and to send back like we did before. I’ll probably be so tired and sleepy on the train that I’ll not feel like doing anything . . . This will probably be my last letter on this trip. I hope to see you in person in a few days. I love you . . . On the way to you. J. C. (Daddy)

And so the work goes on. Some have asked, “What does J. C. do during these trips he makes to India?” If you have stayed with us during the review of these two periods of work, I think you know now. There is much to be done. Please pray for us that we will be equal to the responsibilities God has given to us. And please help us in our efforts to do more.

